



The Ku Klux

VOL. VI



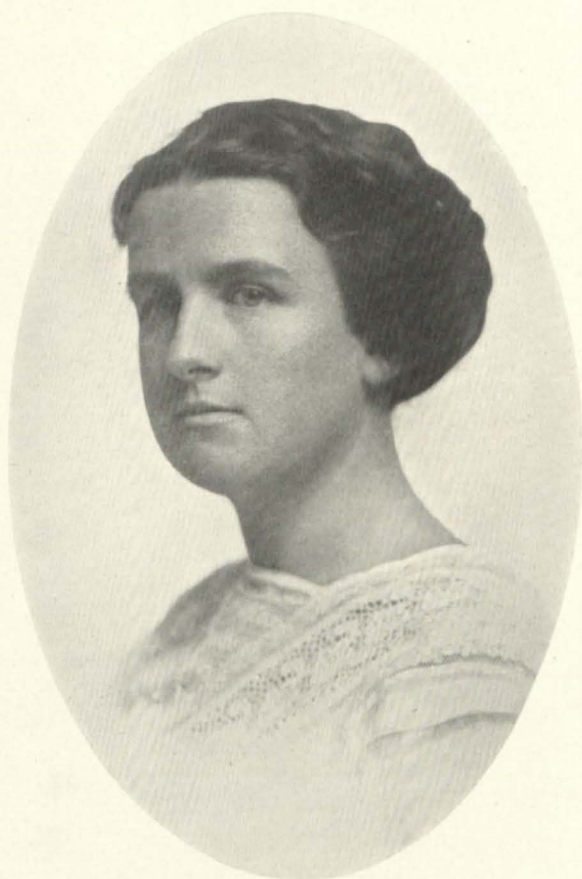
EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
WESLEYAN COLLEGE
MACON, GEORGIA

Dedication

To our friend and former teacher,

Margaret Hall Hazard,

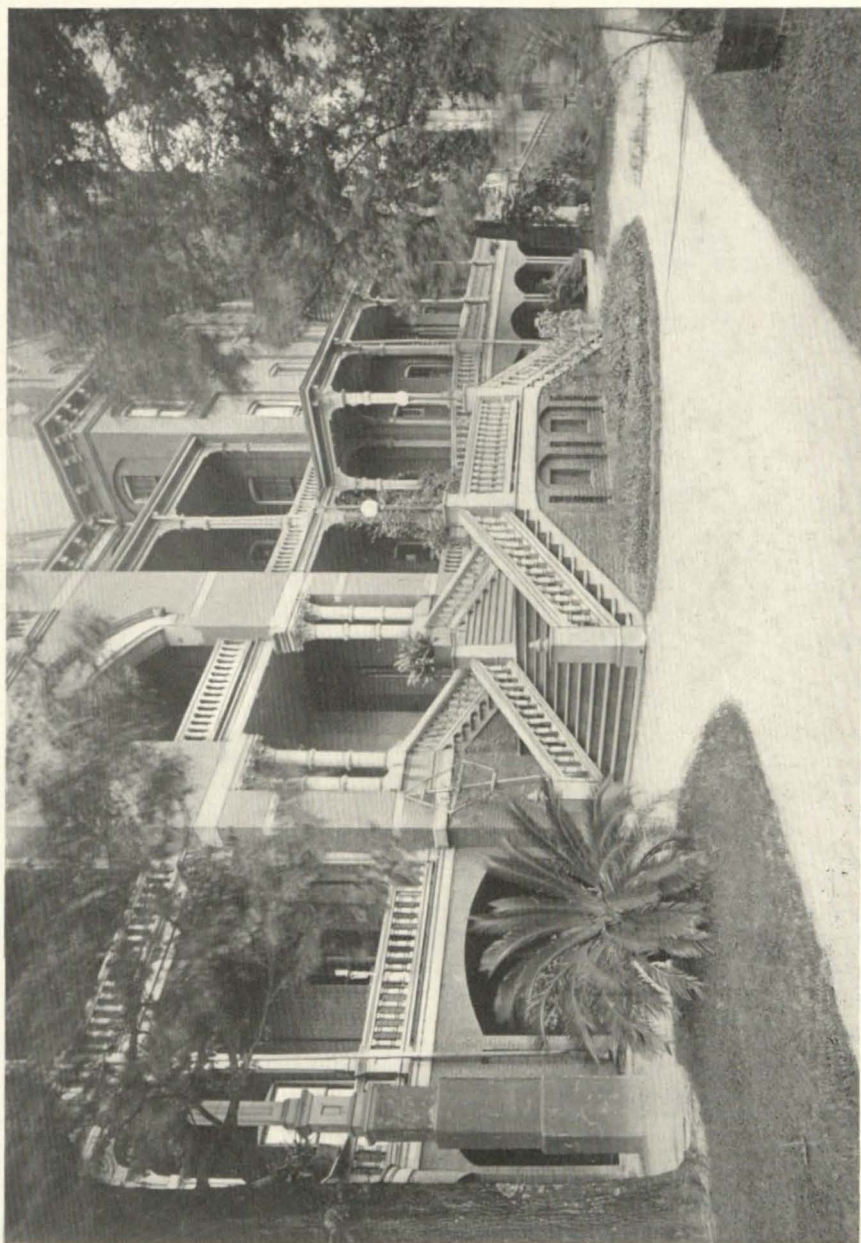
who, during her years at Wesleyan,
taught us more than books, and endeared herself
to each of us, the class of 1913
affectionately dedicates
this volume



MISS MARGARET T. HALL



MRS. FLOYD HAZARD

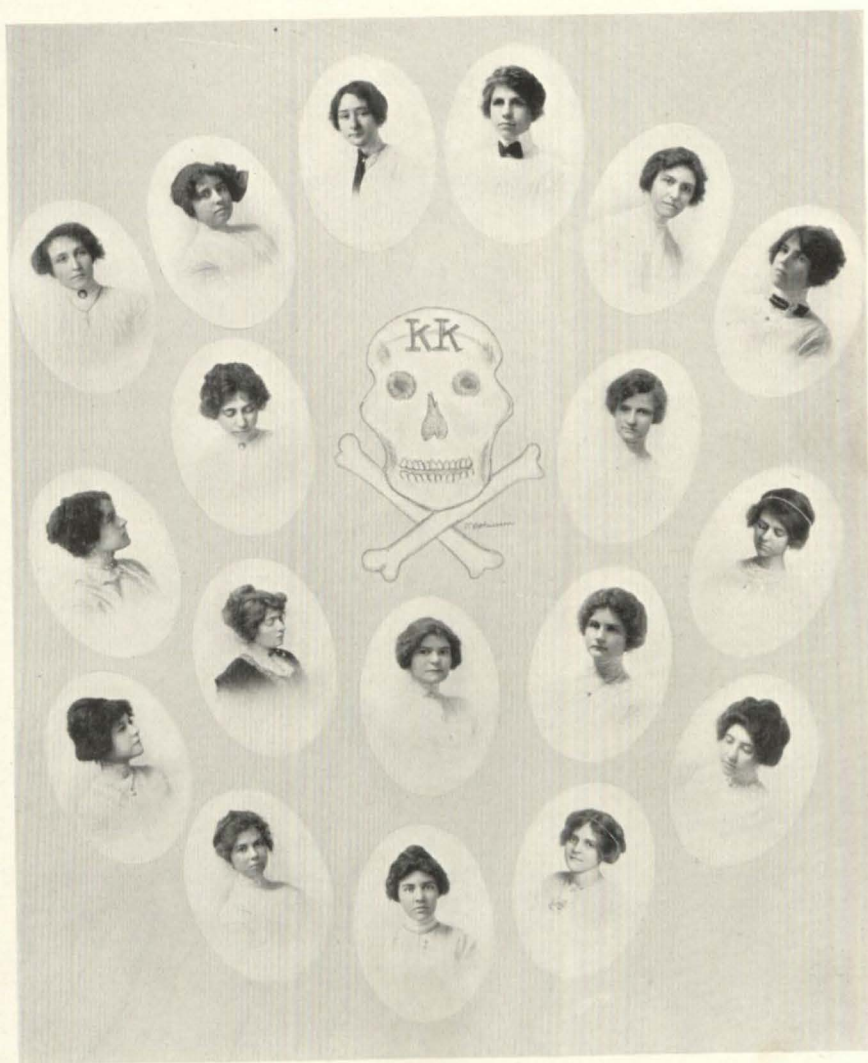


MAIN ENTRANCE

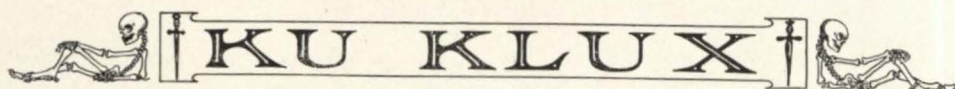


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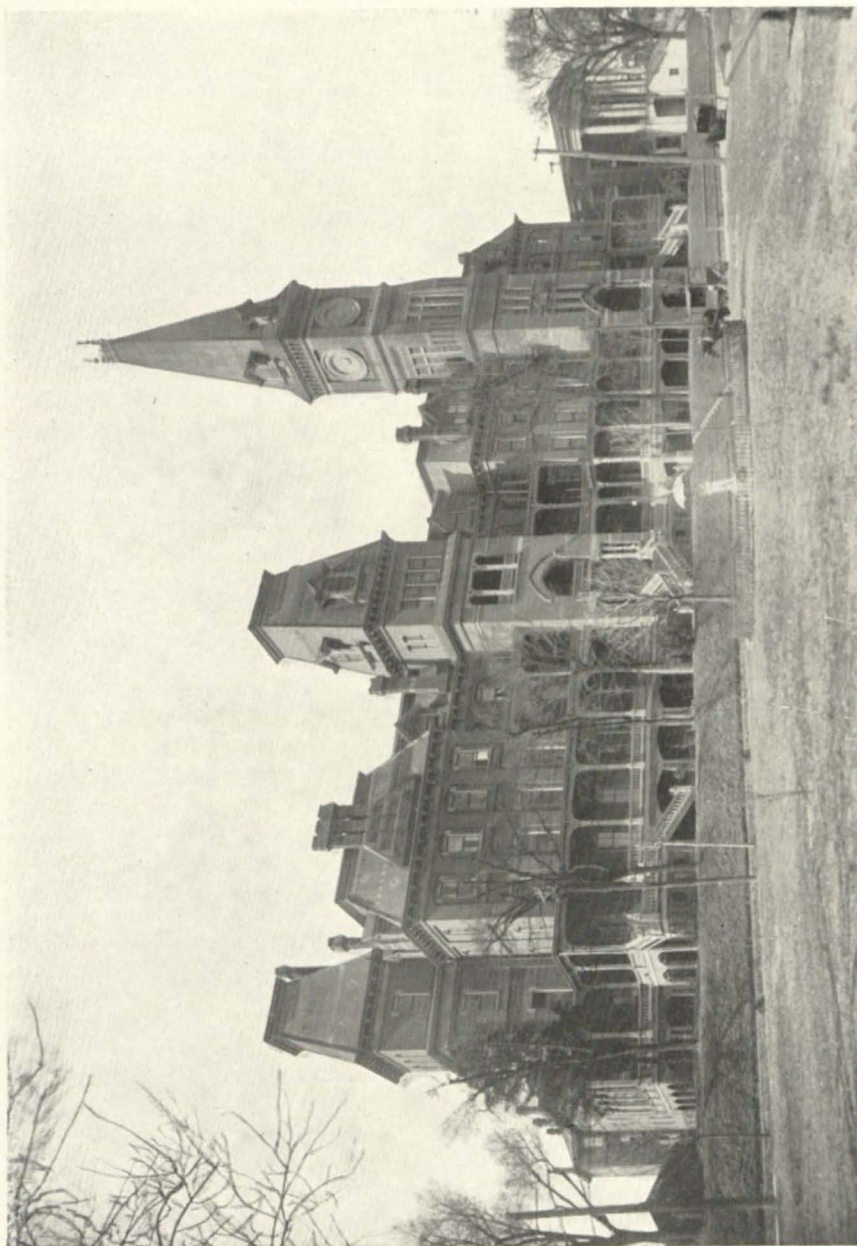
Historical Sketch of Wesleyan

WESLEYAN COLLEGE was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Georgia under the name of "The Georgia Female College." Two years later, the trustees elected a president and faculty, and in January, 1839, the doors of the College were opened to the public. On the first day ninety young women were enrolled, and during the term the number increased to one hundred and sixty-eight. At first the College was under the control of the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Church, and is now governed by the North Georgia, South Georgia, and Florida Conferences.

The College has the distinction of being the oldest college for women in America, and probably in the world, and has for three quarters of a century maintained the highest standards of educational life. It is the aim of its management that it should be not simply the oldest college for women in America, but the best. More than two thousand graduates of the College are widely scattered throughout the world. The diploma of "Wesleyan" has been pronounced the "highest academic honor open to a woman in the South."

The College is located in the best residential section of Macon, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful and cultured of all Southern cities. The campus consists of eight acres, with the buildings located at one end, and the remaining space used for recreation grounds. The buildings in use are five in number, consisting of Main Building, Susannah Wesley Memorial, Roberts Hall, the Dining Hall Building, and Senior Hall.

An endowment fund of \$300,000 has recently been completed by Dr. W. N. Ainsworth, which goes to greatly increase the efficiency and strength of the College, and gives it an added pre-eminence in the field of Southern education.

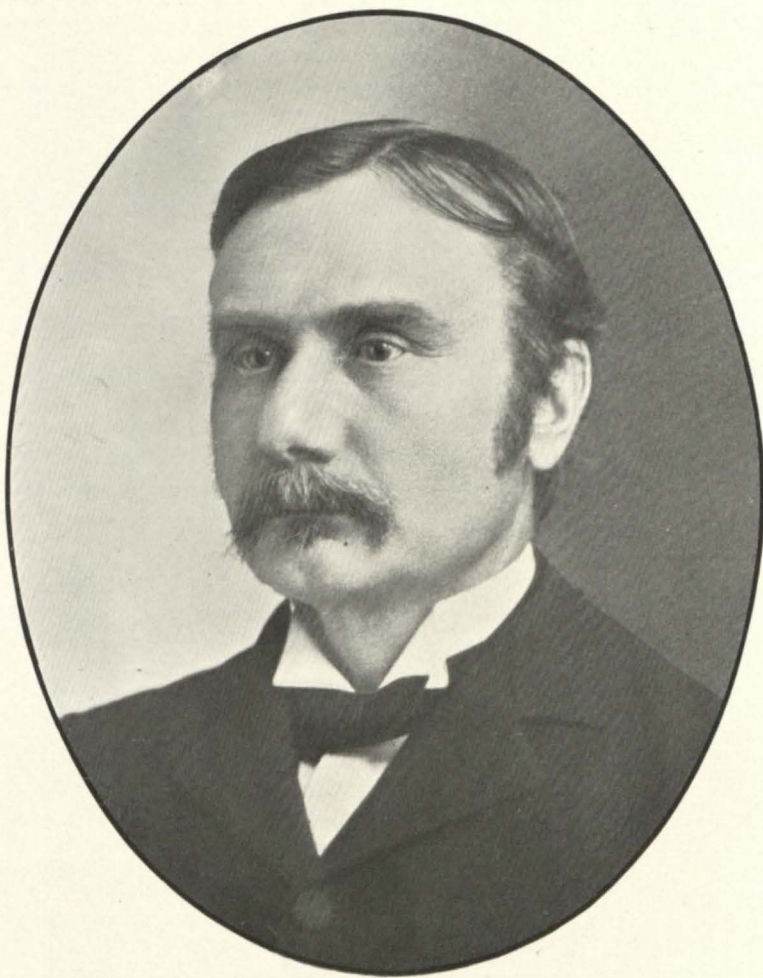


MAIN BUILDING

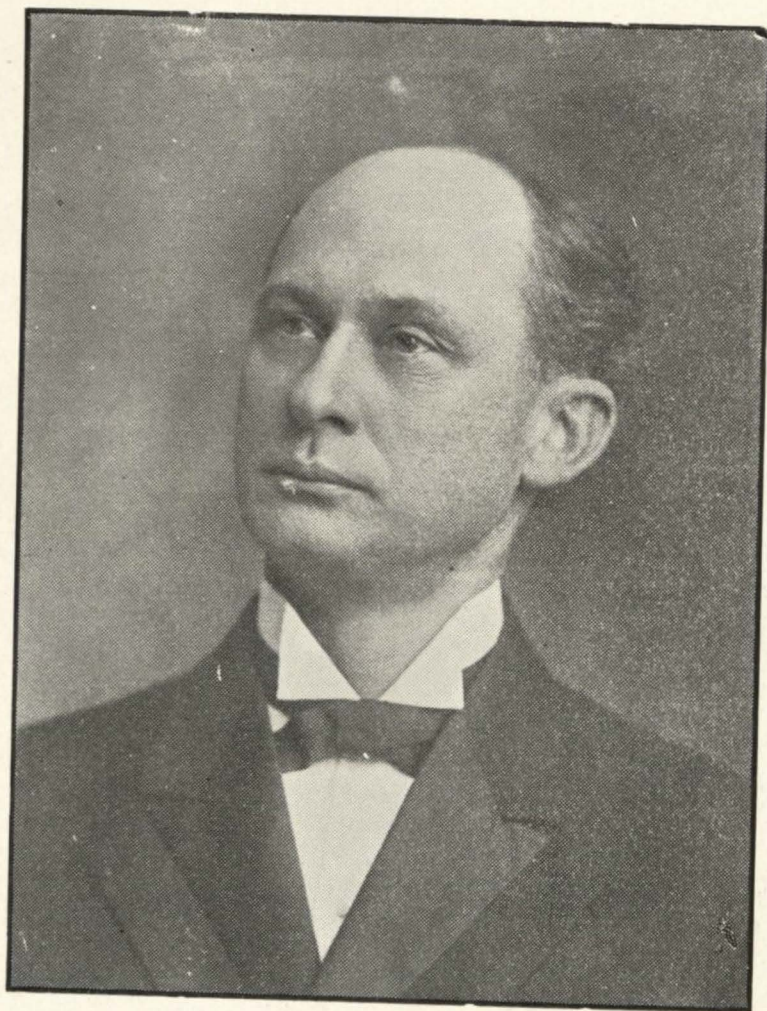


Board of Trustees

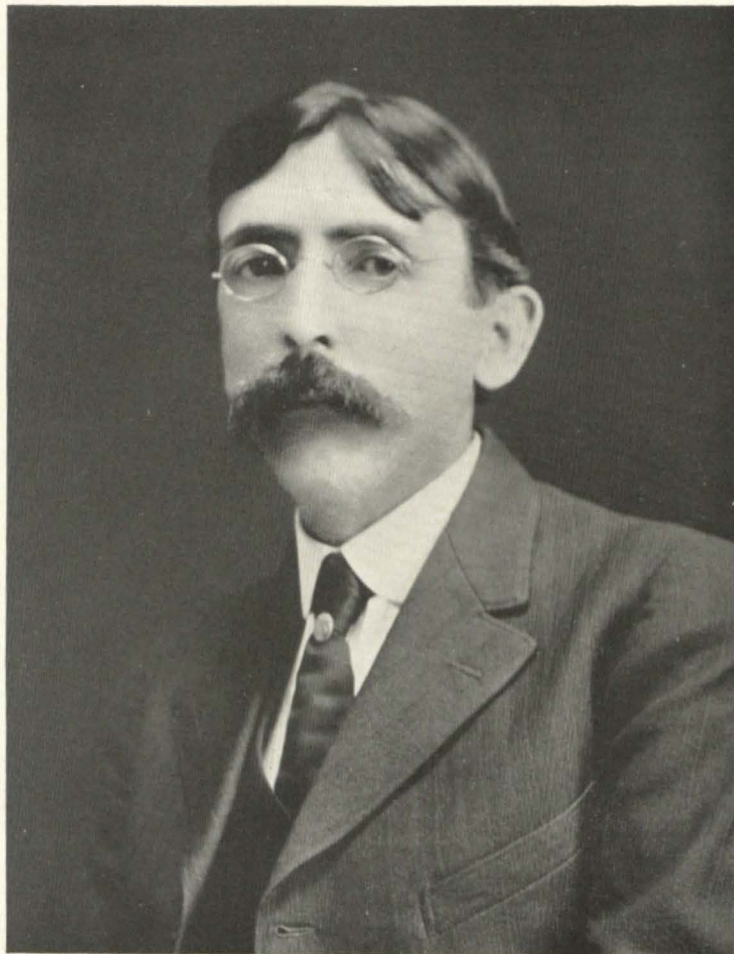
1898—BISHOP W. A. CANDLER, D. D., LL. D.	Atlanta, Ga.
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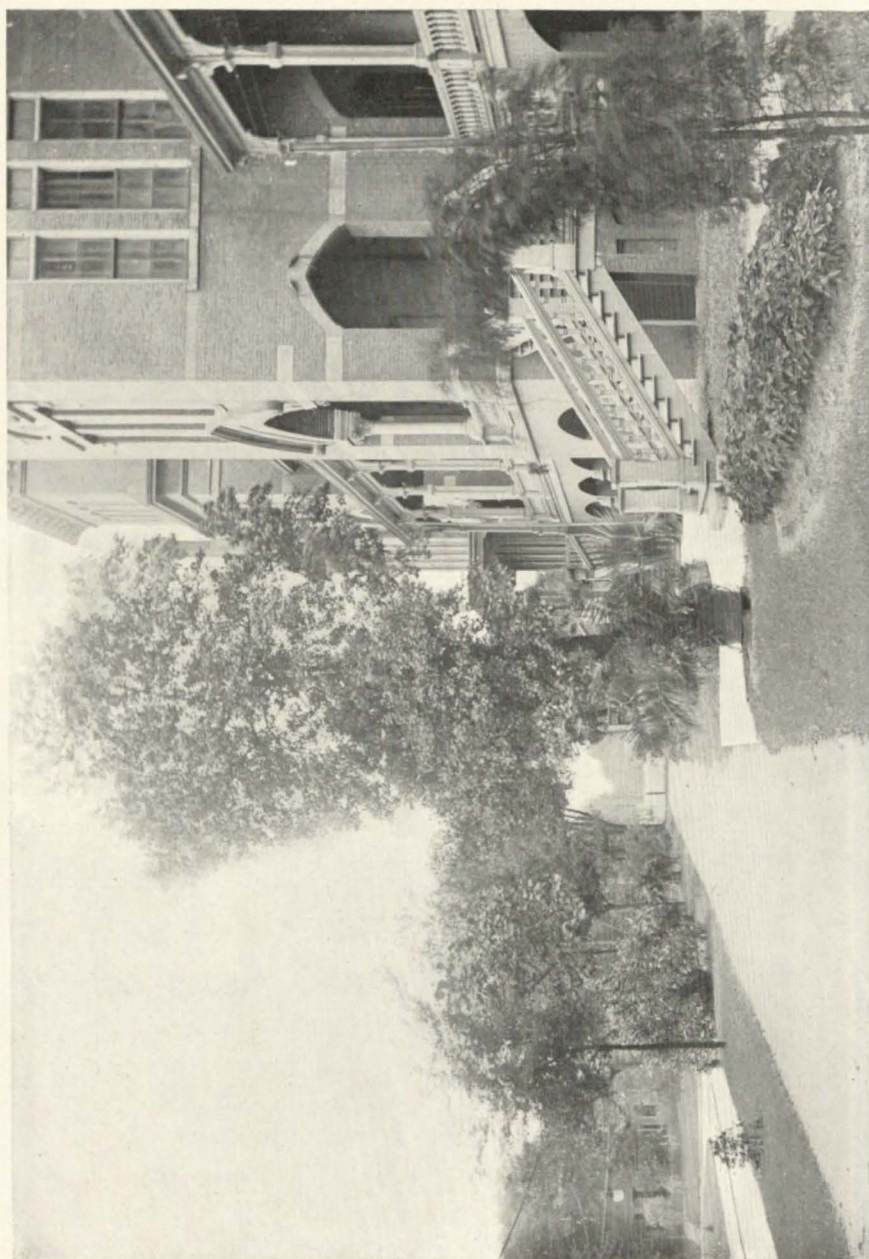
HON. DUPONT GUERRY
1903-1909



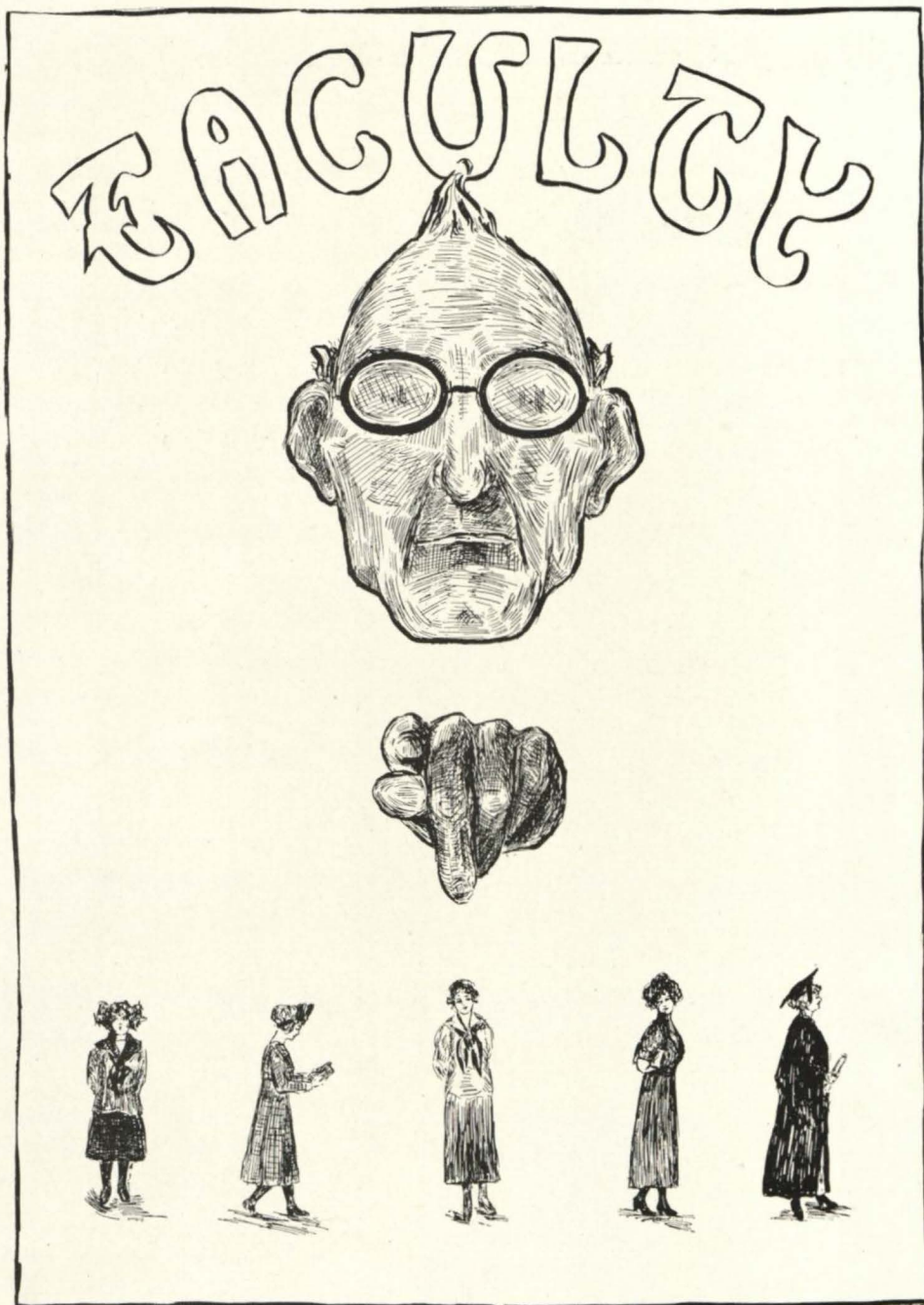
DR. W. N. AINSWORTH
1909-1912



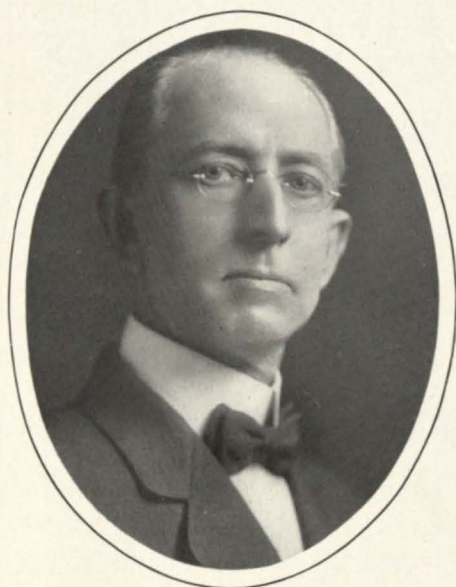
PRESIDENT C. R. JENKINS
1912



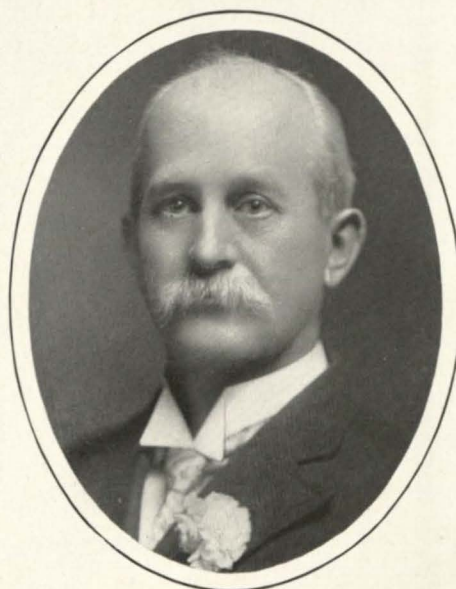
SECTION FRONT PORCH AND WALK



IKU KLUX

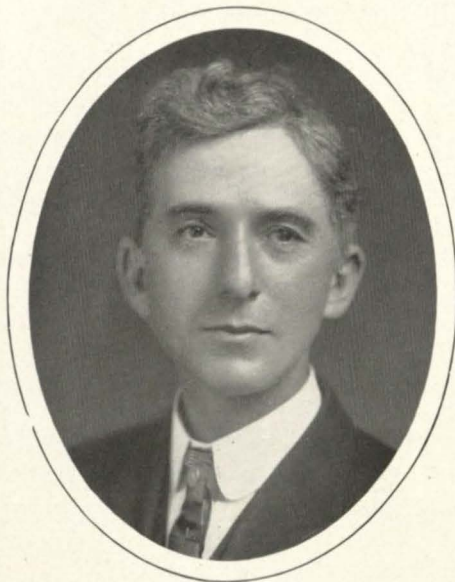


PROF. J. C. HINTON, A. M.
DEAN OF THE FACULTY
*Lovick Pierce Chair of Mathematics and
Astronomy*



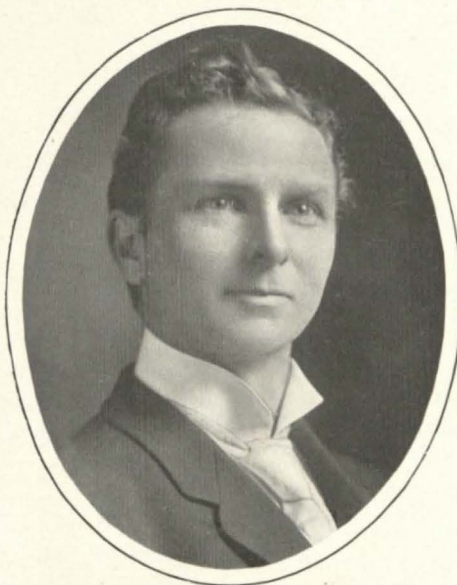
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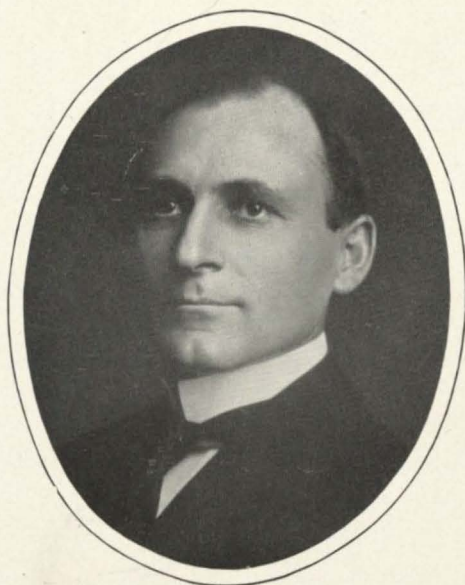
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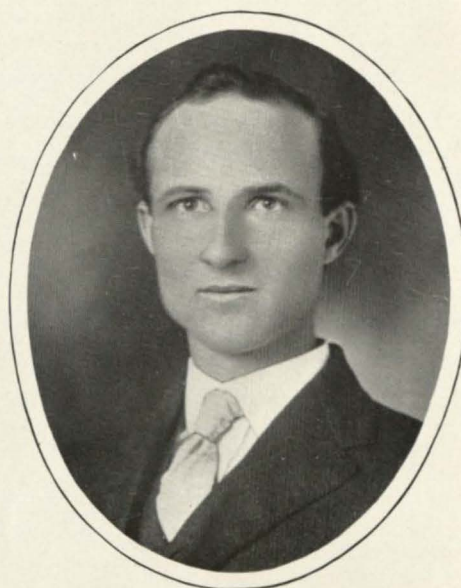
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Tutor



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Assistant in French



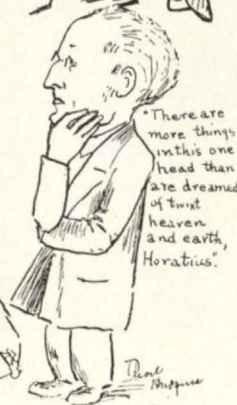
Absolutely no accommodation in this region for words of less than seven syllables.

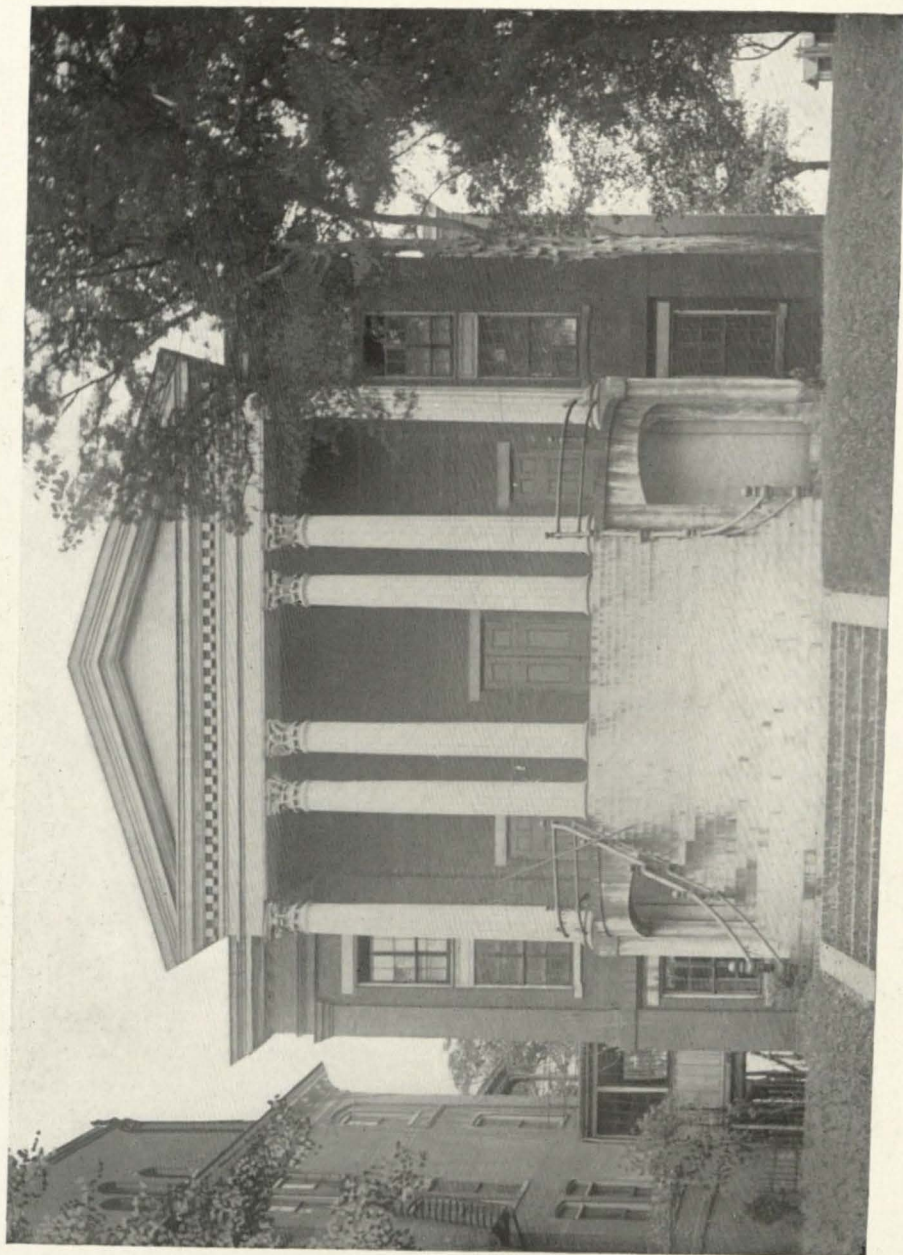


Music hath charms to soothe the savage sawl

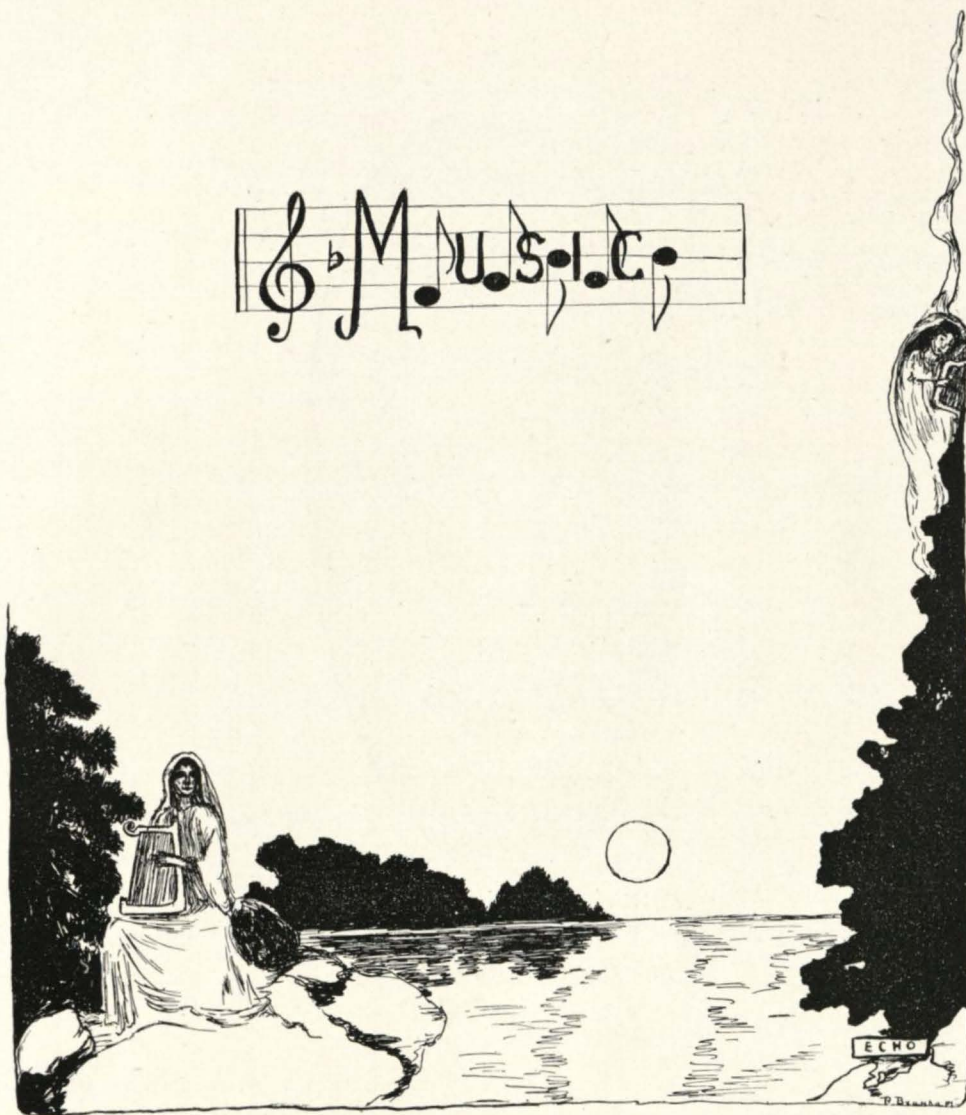


A man may smile and smile - and be a college professor.





THE CHAPEL





DR. DINGLEY BROWN, M. A., MUS. DOC.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

*Pipe Organ, Pianoforte, Harmony and
Counterpoint*



MISS LOTTA CARLTON GREENUP, B. M.
(PUPIL OF JOACHIM AND PRESS, BERLIN,
AND OF SEVCIK, PRAGUE)

Violin

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored, high-collared dress with a dark brooch. She is looking slightly to the left of the camera.

MISS CARRIE M. SHARP
(PUPIL OF JACOB SCHMIDT, FRAULEIN MARIE
PRENTER AND THEODORE LESCHETIZKY,
VIENNA, AUSTRIA)
Piano



IKU KLUX



MISS LOUISE EMMERT

Piano

MISS LOULIE BARNETT, A. B., B. M.

Piano and Theory



IKU KLUX



MISS PAULINE BACHMAN, B. M.
Voice Culture

MRS. M. M. BURKS, A. B.
Chair of English Literature

MRS. C. W. SHINHOLSER, B. M.
Piano

MISS LOUISE LIN, A. B., B. M.
Piano

MISS ROSETTA RIVERS
Painting and Drawing

MISS ERNESTINE GROTE
Physical Culture



MISS CLARA BANCROFT
Voice Culture



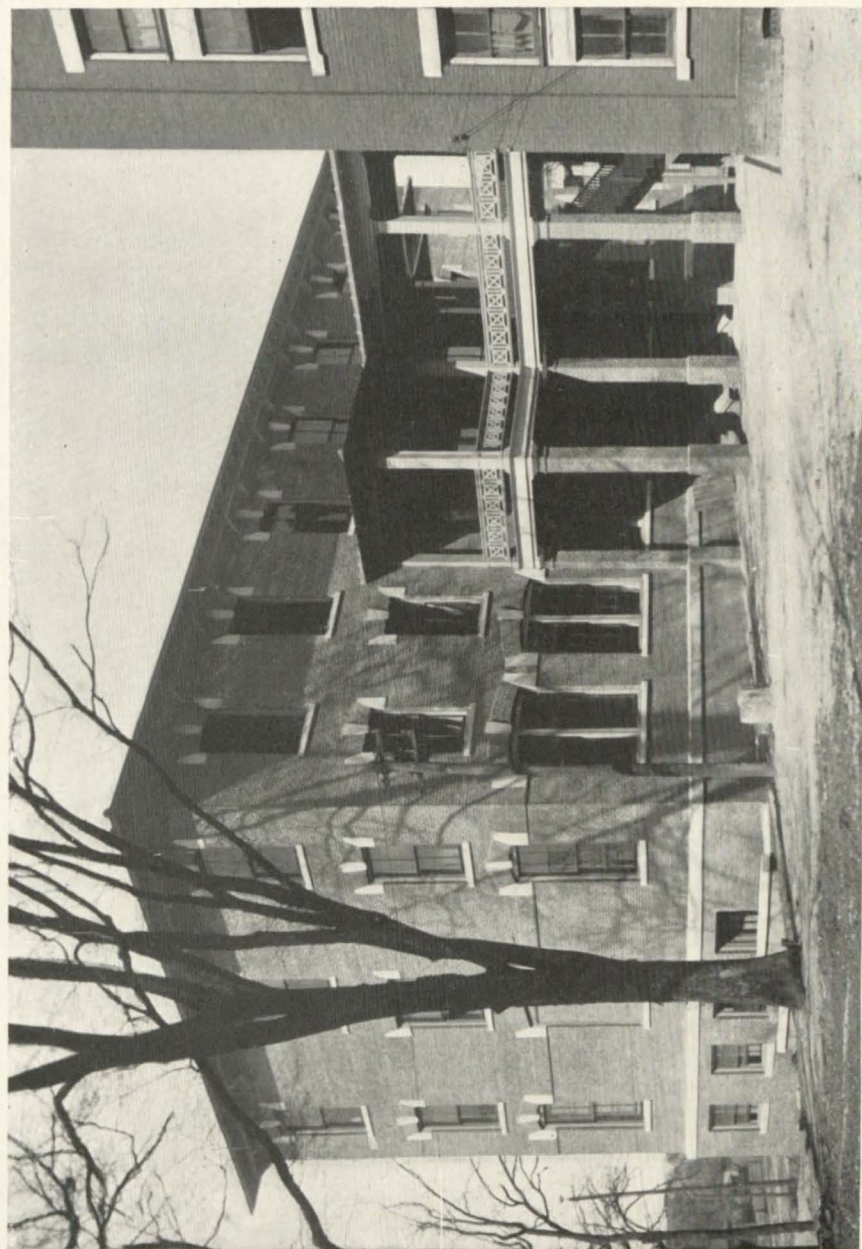
MRS. JOHN C. LONG

China Painting

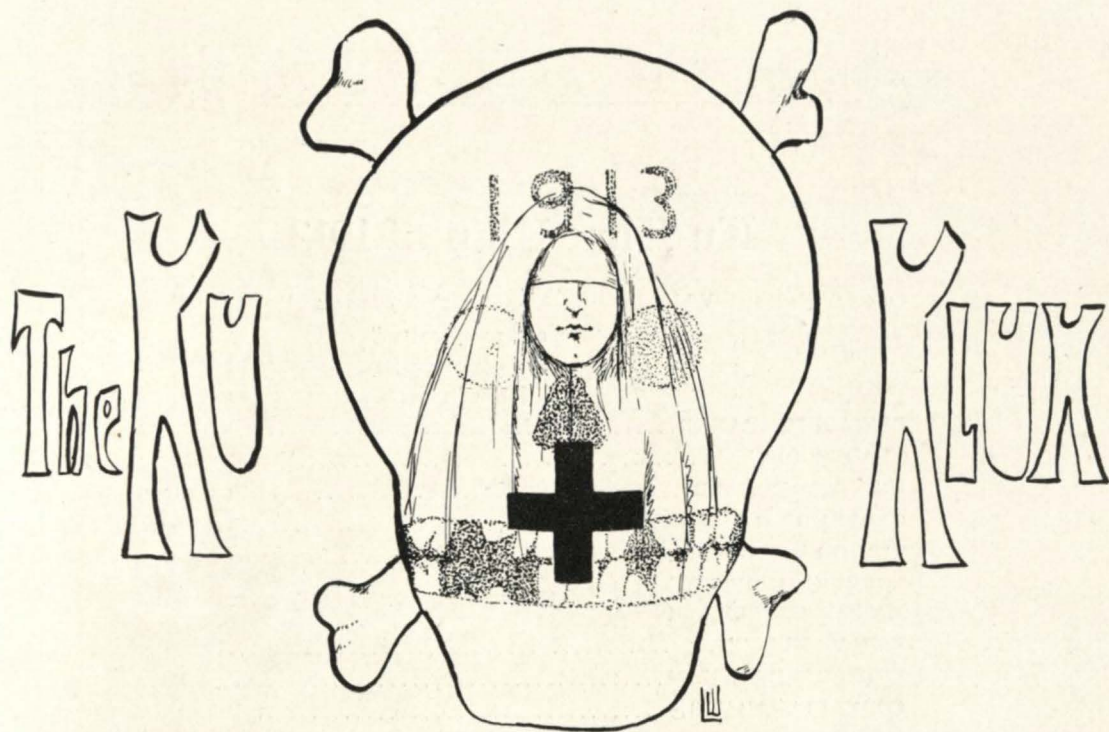


MISS ANNE CHENAULT WALLACE

Expression



SENIOR HALL



KLAN

OF

1913



Ku Klux Klan of 1913

Colors: Red and White.

Flower: Red Carnation.

Motto: "Per aspera ad astra."

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CORNELIA ADAMS.....	HISTORIAN

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CRANFORD, EVELYN		SOONG, CHUNGLING

KU KLUX



CORNELIA ADAMS, A. B.

MACON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

"I would my horse had the speed of her tongue."

Φ M, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Class Historian, 1912-13; Alumnae Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Pan Hellenic Council, 1912-13.

JOHNNIE ATKINSON, B. S.

WARRENTON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"A life to live, a good to do,
A happiness to win and to keep."*

Secretary Harris Literary Society, 1911-12; President Harris Literary Society, 1912-13; Treasurer Missionary Society, 1912-13; Pictorial Editor KU KLUX, 1912-13; Secretary Student Government Association, 1912-13; Secretary of Missionary Society, 1912-13.



KU KLUX



ELIZABETH ELLISON BAKER, A. B.

MACON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

"A cheerful disposition is a prism that reflects blue rays."

Α Δ Φ, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Vice-President of Class, 1911-12; Toast Mistress Sophomore-Senior Banquet, 1911; President of Class, 1912-13; Associate Editor KU KLUX, 1912-13; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1911-13.

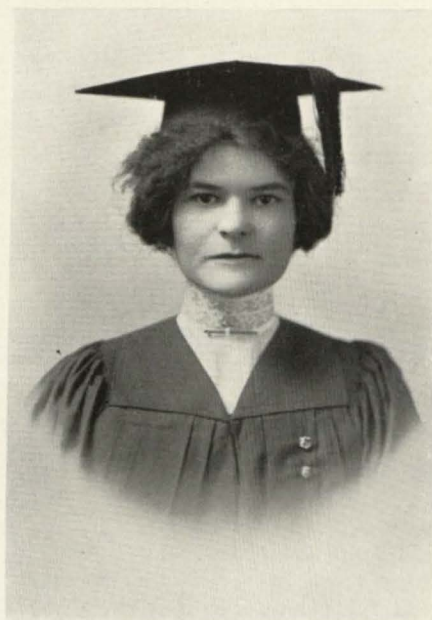
LEONILLA EDWARDS BAKER, A. B.

GAINESVILLE, FLA.

Entered Fall 1908.

"Who chooseth me shall get what many men desire."

Z T A, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Member of Basket-Ball Team, 1909-13; Vice-President of Class, 1910-11; Captain Basket-Ball Team, 1911-12; Secretary Athletic Association, 1911-12; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1911-13; Local Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Editor-in-Chief of KU KLUX, 1912-13; Winner of W. C.



KU KLUX



WILLIE MARIE BARROW, A. B.

REYNOLDS, GA.

Entered Spring 1910.

"A phantom, fashionably thin."

Secretary of Class, 1910-11; Member of Basket-Ball Team, 1911-13; Winner of W. C.; Vice-President of Conservatory Club, 1912-13; Piano Certificate, 1912; Secretary of Ku KLUX, 1912-13; Piano Diploma, 1913.



LUCYE BENTON, A. B.

MONTICELLO, GA.

Entered Fall 1908.

*"Oh, wondrous creature! A woman of reason,
Neither grave out of pride, never gay out
of season."*

Φ M, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; President of Class, 1908-09; President of Wesleyan Chorus, 1912-13; Certificate in Voice, 1912.

KU KLUX



REBECCA BRANHAM, A. B.

OXFORD, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."*

A Δ Φ, Reporter of Harris Literary Society, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-13; President of Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; Class Representative to Executive Board, 1911-12; Class Poet, 1912-13; Art Editor of KU KLUX, 1912-13; Winner of W. C.

CHRISTIANA MARTHA BRYAN, A. B.

GREENWOOD, FLA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Serene, resolute, still,
Calm and self-possessed."*

Φ M, Class Secretary, 1909-10; Secretary Missionary Society, 1910-11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-13; Vice-President of Student Government Association, 1911-12; President Student Government Association, 1912-13; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1912-13; Art Editor KU KLUX; Art Diploma, 1912.



KU KLUX



KATHARINE PAYNE CARNES, A. B.
MACON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Man may not hope her heart to win,
Be his of common mould."*

Φ M, President of Harris Literary Society,
1911-12; Junior Editor of *The Wesleyan*,
1911-12; Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13;
Chairman Pan-Hellenic Council, 1912-13.

RUBY WRAY CHESTER, A. B.
COLUMBUS, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"The girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."*

Z T A, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Secretary of Class, 1911-12; Piano Certificate, 1912; Secretary of Wilson Club, 1911-12; Corresponding Secretary of Missionary Society, 1911-13; Business Manager of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Statistics Editor KU KLUX, 1912-13; Treasurer of Lanier Literary Society, 1912-13; Captain Scrub Team, 1912-13; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1912-13; Piano Diploma, 1913.



KU KLUX



GERTRUDE COTTER, A. B.

HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Entered Fall 1908.

"Sentiment harms nobody."

A K Ψ , Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Vice-President of Missionary Society, 1911-12; Secretary of Class, 1912-13; Certificate in Voice, 1912.

EVELYN CRANFORD, A. B.

VALDOSTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1908.

*"Artistic and tasteful—
A model house-wife, she'd be."*

Φ M, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; President of Class 1909-12; Reporter of Conservatory Club, 1910-11; Secretary of Conservatory Club, 1911-12; President of Conservatory Club, 1912-13; Reporter of Harris Literary Society, 1912-13; Piano Certificate, 1911; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-13; Business Manager of KU KLUX; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1911-12.



KU KLUX



ANNE CUNNINGHAM, A. B.

CORONA, ALA.

Entered Fall 1908.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
To relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun."*

Φ M, Class Historian, 1908-09, 1911-12;
Literary Editor of KU KLUX, 1912-13; EX-
change Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13;
Secretary of Lanier Literary Society, 1912-13.



ANNIE DICKEY, A. B.

OXFORD, GA.

"Work well done, makes pleasure more fun."

Α Δ Φ, Censor Lanier Literary Society,
1911-12; Reporter of Lanier Literary Society,
1912-13; Secretary of Missionary Society,
1911-12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-13; Liter-
ary Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Liter-
ary Editor KU KLUX, 1912-13.

KU KLUX



VIRGINIA FRASER, A. B.

ATLANTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1910.

*"The fashion of her girlishness is not a followed rule,
And her effervescent sprightliness was never taught at school."*

A Δ Φ, Member of Basket-Ball Team, 1910-11; Treasurer of Wilson Club, 1911-12; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, 1910-11, 1912-13.

ANNIE EUGENIA GANTT, A. B.

MACON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

"A good time on hand is worth two in the planning."

A Δ Φ.



KU KLUX



ETHEL JOHNSON GARDNER, A. B.

ADAIRSVILLE, GA.

Entered Spring 1910.

*"A girl thou seemest of cheerful yesterdays
and confident to-morrows."*



WILLANNE GURR, A. B.

DAWSON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

"Slow was she, but sure."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-13; Member of
Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10; Y. W. C. A. Edi-
tor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Y. W. C. A.
Editor of *KU KLUX*, 1912-13; Piano Certifi-
cate, 1912.

KU KLUX



ANNIE LOU HARDY, A. B.

SENOIA, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"She is a tiny thing,
She is a winsome thing,
She is a bonnie thing."*

A K Ψ , Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Scrub Team, 1912-13; Local Editor of **KU KLUX**, 1912-13.



THERESA DuBOSE HODGES, A. B.

PERRY, GA.

*"No simple duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."*

Φ M, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-13; Class Representative to Executive Board, 1912-13.

KU KLUX



EMILY MELTON, A. B.

OXFORD, GA.

Entered Fall 1910.

*"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever,
For nature made her what she is
And ne'er made sic anither."*

A Δ Φ, Basket-Ball Team, 1910-13; Athletic Representative 1911-12; Class Prophet, 1912-13; Winner of W. C.



SUSIE MERRITT, A. B.

MACON, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Let her but live entirely to her own fancy,
and she'll never say a word to you from morn-
ing to night."*

Z T A.

KU KLUX



IRENE McDONALD, A. B.
DOUGLAS, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"She did not read to forget,
Nor forget to read."*

Treasurer of Class 1911-13; Member of
Basket-Ball Team, 1911-13; Winner of W. C.;
Statistics Editor of KU KLUX, 1912-13.



RUBYEE LEE MCKINNEY, A. B.
SPARKS, GA.

Entered Fall 1910.

*"Her outicard charms are even less
Than her winning gentleness."*



MINNIE SHEPPARD McMICHAEL, A. B.

BEUNA VISTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"She is agreeable to walk with,
Interesting to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

A Δ Φ, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Certificate in Piano, 1911; Local Editor of KU KLUX, 1912-13; Piano Diploma, 1913.



ELLA BESS McMICHAEL, A. B.

BUENA VISTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1908.

*"Skilled in no other arts was she,
But dressing and repartee."*

A Δ Φ, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Member Basket-Ball Team, 1908-12; Piano Certificate, 1912; Piano Diploma, 1913.

KU KLUX



KATHLEEN ELIZABETH McRAE, A. B.
FLORALA, ALA.

Entered Spring 1909.

*"If thou dost play with her at any game,
Thou art sure to lose, for by that natural
luck,
She beats thee 'gainst the odds."*

Z T A, Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Member of Basket-Ball Team, 1909-13; Winner of W. C.; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, 1911-12; Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1911-12; Vice-President of Lanier Literary Society, 1911-13; Associate Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Business Manager KU KLUX, 1912-13.



GLADYS OUSLEY, A. B., B. M.
VALDOSTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Her heart an inn,
Or a caravansary amid the sands,
With new guests every night."*

Φ M, Treasurer of Class, 1909-10; Piano Certificate, 1911; Treasurer of Conservatory Club, 1912-13; Vice-President of Class, 1912-13.

KU KLUX



EMMA MAY RAMBO, A. B.
MARIETTA, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Formed by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."*

A K Ψ , Captain of Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10, 1912-13; Member of Basket-Ball Team, 1909-13; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, 1910-11; Treasurer Lanier Literary Society, 1911-12; Athletic Editor KU KLUX, 1912-13; Winner of W. C.

LEONESE PARK, B. S.

MACON, MISS.

Entered Fall 1912.

*"Don't judge her on first sight,
Neither second, nor third."*



KU KLUX



RUTH SHELTON, A. B.

CARNESVILLE, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

"I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman."

Sergeant-at-Arms of Thespian Dramatic Club, 1910-12; Secretary and Treasurer of Thespian Dramatic Club, 1912-13; Vice-President of Missionary Society, 1912-13; Diploma in Expression, 1913.



CHUNGLING SOONG, A. B.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

Entered Fall 1908.

"Radiance streaming from within around her eyes and forehead."

Literary Editor of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Thespian Dramatic Club; Corresponding Secretary of Harris Literary Society, 1912-13.

KU KLUX



MARY TRAMMELL STARR, A. B.

OXFORD, GA.

Entered Fall 1910.

*"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
An amiable, jolly way she had."*

A K Ψ , Alpha Zeta Phi Social Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-13; President of Wilson Club, 1911-12; Winner of W. C.; Pan-Hellenic Council, 1912-13; Business Manager of *The Wesleyan*, 1912-13; Literary Editor of *Ku Klux*, 1912-13.



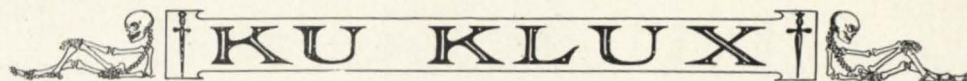
HATTIE GERE STUBBS, A. B., B. M.

SAVANNAH, GA.

Entered Fall 1909.

*"Quiet ways, low of voice, lips that can wait,
and eyes that do not wander."*

A K Ψ , Class Historian, 1909-11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-13; President of Missionary Society, 1912-13; Representative to Executive Board, 1911-13; Student Government Editor *Ku Klux*, 1912-13; Post-Graduate in Piano, 1913.



Wesleyan Songs

Here's to Wesleyan, drink it down,
Weslana, fame renown,
Ever will we cherish for thee,
Thoughts of love and loyalty.

Wesleyan, Wesleyan,
Our college home so grand,
We'll ever love thy classic halls—
The noblest in the land.
Wesleyan, Wesleyan,
A toast, a toast to thee,
We'll take a cup and drink it up,
And pledge our loyalty.

If you're looking for a place to send your daughter, Mr. Mann,
You'll never find a better if you search through all the land;
'Tis good advice I'm giving, so I hope you'll understand
To pack her trunk and send her off to dear old Wesleyan.

CHORUS

Here's to Wesleyan College, drink it down,
Here's to Wesleyan College, drink it down,
Here's to Wesleyan College, 'tis our fountain head of knowledge,
Here's to Wesleyan College, drink it down, down, down.



Senior Songs

Fling out that dear old flag of red and white,
Lead on your yells and girls
That are fighting for you,
Like men of old on giants

Placing reliance,
Shouting defiance,
Os-ke-wow-wow.

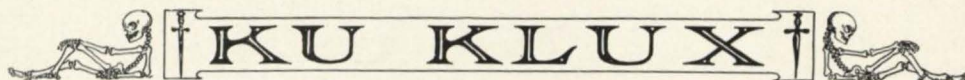
Upon the broad green campus of Wesleyan,
For honest victory and for learning we stand,
And unto thee we pledge our hearts and hand,
Dear nineteen thirteen, Senior Class.

Ricker-jicker, ricker-jicker, zis, za, zu,
We are the Seniors, who are you?
We are going to win just as sure as sin;
Won't you be a "goner" when the score comes in?
You know, we know we are it,
We are the team that's never been bit.
Always loyal, always right,
Seniors, Seniors, red and white.

Bells of Class of 1913

Hello-bo-loo, connec-nec,
Hello-bo-loo, connec-nec,
Wa-hoo, wa-hi,
Senior, Senior,
Rah, rah,
Ching, ching,
Chow, chow,
Boom, boom,
Bow, bow.
Senior!

Ala-ga-roo, ga-roo, ga-roo,
Wah-hoo, ba-zoo,
Hi-ix, hi-ix,
Hika, pika, doma, nika,
Hong, kong, tippa, tacka.
Ala-ka-ba, ka-ba, ka-ba,
Rah, rah, rah,
Seniors!



Songs for the Wilson Rally

Tune: DIXIE

Oh, come let's sing a song that's very
Gay and light and blithe and merry.

Hooray, Hooray, Hooray for Wilson.
Here's luck to every man who's wearing
Wilson's badge and our love sharing.

Hooray, Hooray, Hooray for Wilson!

CHORUS

I'm glad I am for Wilson,
Are you? Are you?
To Woodrow Wilson I'll be true,
I'll live and die for Wilson.
Hooray, Hooray, I'll live and die for Wilson.

Tune: HEIDELBERG

Here's to the cause we hold most dear,
Here's to the voters, too;
Here's to the man of Southern birth,
A statesman so wise and true;
Here's to the crowds with Wilson's pin.
Wilson, Hooray, Hooray!
Here's to the victory he's sure to win,
And a name that shall live for aye.

Tune: TURKEY IN THE STRAW

Well, we are the girls for the Democrats,
Best old party and you know that.
Our President shall be Wilson true
And our platform stands for all that's true.
Rah, Rah, Rah—Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah—Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rally voters right this way,
Give a yell for Wilson, Hooray, Hooray!

Tune: I WANT TO BE IN DIXIE

Now, Georgians, vote;
Now, Georgians, vote;
Now, Georgians, vote for Woodrow Wilson;
We want him for our President,
"Teddy" and Taft are not worth a cent.
We're going to see,
We're going to see,
We're going to see a man from Dixie.
We'll tell the world he's going to
W-I-N, we all know how to spell it,
And we shall see,
And we shall see
A Democratic President.



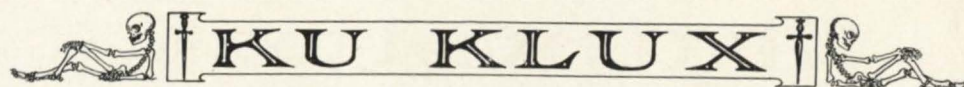
Wesleyan's Flower Garden

The crumbling, crannied, mossy wall
Is silent and still from year to year,
Lest trembling cause some rock to fall
And crush some flower, blooming near.
As peaceful summers come and go,
The rose vine clings with ling'ring love;
Yellow roses from above
Shed sunshine on the flowers below.

The sweet peas climb, as if to grow
Above the wall and peer beyond.
The jonquils nod, beam golden glow
On modest violets; they, two, in bond
Surround the daisies, merry band
That dances and bows, a happy crowd,
As if they would proclaim aloud
Their joy to all in every land.

Midst all this joy, e'en it is so,
Sad are the hearts of the crimson flowers,
For soon they know that they must go
Far from these lovely, enchanted bowers.
Each red carnation has heard the call
To brighten the world with radiant love
Shed sunshine, given them from above,
Far from the crumbling, crannied wall.

REBECCA BRANHAM, '13.



The History of the Class of 1913



ON the night of May the 12th, 1909, we first realized what the colors of red and white and the Ku Klux Klan might mean to us. We were only little subs then, and there were very few of us, but not a single one will forget when the dear Seniors of 1909 were leaving, and gave us, as a token of remembrance, our colors,—the red and white,—and passed down to us the organization which we have enjoyed and cherished,—“The Ku Klux Klan.” This night, when we look back upon it, seems very, very far in the past, and the eight little subs, who constituted the Class of 1913, have received the name of “fossils.” Lucye Benton was the leader of this little band during its first year, and we might call her a siren as well as a fossil, for even the stout hearts of the Monticello crew were charmed, in spite of themselves, by her beautiful singing.

“It seemed she could have floated in the sky
And with the angelic choir made symphony.”

Lucye was not only gifted with a voice, but she was also blessed with a wealth of very golden hair (?), and in her train followed Evelyn Cranford, of Valdosta. Although Evelyn was quite young then, we were made to realize her executive ability when she was elected President of the Class of 1913 for three successive years. Gertrude Cotter, from Hawkinsville, although possessing, I have no doubt, quite an extensive supply of this selfsame power to execute, was, very unfortunately, overlooked this first year when we were in search of a rigorous board of officers, and not until our Senior year did we discover this hidden secret. Whereupon we immediately elected her the Secretary of the Class of 1913, and since that time “Truddie” has worked so hard that you would hardly recognize the rather stout little girl who entered in the fall of 1908.

Anne Cunningham, though known as “Gentle Anne,” was voted the most mischievous member of our Class. She was never happier than when hiding the hats of all the callers who kept “steady company” in the Reception Hall on Saturday nights, thus sending dozens of embarrassed Mercer students in



a search over halls and porches for their lost headgear. Then, there was Ella Bess McMichael, from Buena Vista, Georgia, whose love affair by itself would furnish ample material for a whole history. Every fall, since she entered the narrow lane which leads to learning, "E. B." has had quite a serious misunderstanding with "that old sweetheart of hers," and has been often found in the wistaria-covered summer-house consoling herself with these lines:

"O weary heart, O slumbering eyes!
O drooping soul, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain;
Ye shall be loved again."

We all know how vitally important just one or, perhaps, two words may be to a piece of literature: so these two names—"Kathleen and Leo"—are the powers behind the throne, or, more properly speaking, behind the ball, which have caused our Class to take first place in athletics at Wesleyan. Where would the Thanksgiving basket-ball games have been without "Kathleen and Leo"? They were inseparable, and, like Cicero, believed that "Friendship is eternal."

Only one other fossil has remained with us for five years,—Chungling Soong,—and of her we are justly proud, since she came from across the waters, from the distant country of China, to list her name with the Seniors of 1913.

It was not until the following year that the real Class of 1913 was formed. It was quite a job for the few Freshmen who had been subs to initiate all these new girls into the secrets and mysteries of "The Ku Klux Klan." Perhaps it was a job, but those timid little girls, who had always thought of initiations in connection with fiery billy-goats, ghosts, and greasy poles, can assure you it was well done.

There were five so-called "town girls" who, all their lives, had gazed at Wesleyan and Wesleyan girls from a distance and with envy, and who had always been very cordially invited to attend the pay entertainments and revivals held in the chapel. These were Annie Gantt, our reigning society queen"; Elizabeth Baker, the indispensable, and without whom the Senior Class would never have pulled through its successful year; and Susie Merritt, who agreed with the man who said, "The most offensive way to be reminded of our mortality is to be hurried." People like Susie and Goethe, who "never rest and never haste," complete their work and escape the friction of it. There was another "town girl," Katharine Carnes, Editor-in-Chief of *The Wesleyan*. She



was one of those girls who "spoke the truth, and saw the fact, and loved the right; to whom love and faith and high ideals are so intimate"; but woe unto Katharine! she had a friend, a very good friend, and her name was Cornelia Adams, talking-machine, patented October 15, 1893.

As Macon responded so nobly with her five, let us see what the other towns of Georgia sent: Some very striking examples of Georgia femininity are Annie Lou Hardy, from Senoia, much better known as "Little Sister," or "Petite," and Minnie McMichael, from Buena Vista, who is noted for her jovial disposition. She has been known to assert herself that it is wonderful to have lived with "Little Sister," "Tibba," and "E. B." for four years and still to have retained her sweet disposition! But, speaking of dispositions, we must not overlook Irene McDonald, from Douglas, who always seems to be happy. You know Stephenson says this is our duty, and "by being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves."

Emma May Rambo is from Marietta, and how would the Class of 1913 have supported its pugilistic record without her? Who but Emma May would have taken care of not only her own banner, but the banners of every other class at Wesleyan for four long years? Who could have kept a green-and-gold banner from the prying eyes of the Freshmen for two weeks, and who, pray tell me, could have been searched in vain for the 1910 banner except Emma May? Hattie Stubbs was always with Emma May, and she, like the Hattie of "Emmy Lou," was "Emmer's nintimate friend." Just as we needed Emma May to promote the strategic element in our Class, so we needed a counter-balance, a power of serene and resolute calmness, to uphold its dignity,—which often wavered,—and this power was found in Ruth Shelton. Besides being thoroughly dignified, Ruth was dramatically funny. She made the finest "Nora" possible—an inquisitive, prying Nora; a Nora who pretended that her deepest interest was in the "habiliments" of her mistress, but who would sneak to windows at every available opportunity to see if the stout gentleman of the blue coat, the brass buttons, and the big round hat was standing on the corner twirling his club.

Gladys Ousley, from Valdosta, was gifted with many friends, but, to her, friendship was a wide portal, and sometimes admitted "T-L-ing." However, I think she has at last learned that "Friendship always benefits, while Love sometimes injures." So Gladys, after numerous and "sundried" cases, has settled down to the humdrum of her Senior year without a "True Love."



It was said of Willanne Gurr that she was pessimistic, but could she be pessimistic who optimistically believed every good fortune people told her? Willanne, after a visit home, was elated by the fact that her father had put water works in their home, and announced this fact to a room full of girls. One of the girls remarked, "Oh, yes, Willanne, I saw a mention of that fact in the *Macon Telegraph*. I believed it was copied from the Dawson paper." Willanne searched the Macon papers industriously for days, but not finding in glowing headlines where Mr. Gurr had put in water works, she gave up in despair.

There was another Freshman who entered Wesleyan that fall named Rubye Wray Chester. I hardly think Wray was conceited, perhaps she was only optimistic when she thought, "Who chooseth me shall get," not so much, "what many men desire," but "who chooseth me shall get what 'Jim' mostly desires."

Florida sent us splendid material that September. When Christine Bryan came she was rather quiet and unassuming and given to early risings in the cold, grey dawn, the same resulting in perfectly prepared lessons. Success was the seal stamped on her work from the beginning, and now the State of Orange Blossoms may boast of furnishing the present President of the Student Government Association.

The Ku Klux heaved a sigh and thought initiations were over for one year, but after Christmas came Ethel Gardner. She was usually rather quiet, except when it came to Adairsville and North Georgia. Let us consider, fellow-students, just how much we are indebted to Ethel for all the knowledge she has imparted to us concerning Adairsville and our own State of Georgia. What an empty void our minds would have been concerning these two all-important facts had it not been for "Ethel G."! If she ever needed assistance in telling of the wonders of North Georgia, it was enthusiastically furnished by Johnnie Atkinson, whose life, like the Wanderings of Ulysses, was scattered far and wide over the Northern part of our State. Johnnie was a very present help in time of trouble, not only to Ethel but also to members of the geology class in regard to the mineral resources of Georgia.

We who survived the trials of the Freshman Class returned in the fall of 1910 to resume labors. After the fashion of upstarts, we registered, cast sidelong glances at the new Freshmen, and settled down to rule the College according to our own ideas. To our amazement the Faculty did not seemingly turn over affairs to us, but continued to treat us as before. We then subsided



into a hurt silence, and were particularly grateful to have our forces strengthened by eight new girls. Three of these were ministers' daughters, and we have all taken particular pains to test them by the saying regarding preachers' children which was handed down to us, in awed tones by our grandmothers. However, we all agree that they neither demoralized the entire student body nor "trailed the honor of the noble institution in the dust." The important three were: Rebecca Branham, who, like the Rebecca of old, was "very fair to look upon"; Virginia Fraser, without whom the student body is inclined to think Woodrow Wilson would never have been elected; and Annie Dickey, whose store of knowledge for *The Wesleyan* was boundless. Mary Starr was from Oxford, Georgia, and her *Wesleyan* work was very strenuous; for any afternoon you chanced to go to the city you would find Wray and Mary promenading Cherry Street "getting ads."

Emily Melton was also from Oxford, as any one would know without being told, on account of the display of K. A. pins. To acquire more K. A. pins, and to keep all those she had, was her chief aim in life, and all things else were subservient to this.

But these were not all who came to help us rule the College, for there was Rubye Lee McKinney, who was so timid when she came that we called her "Reuben," a name that clings to her still.

Marie Barrow, born and bred in Reynolds, Georgia, also came to us that year; and you will perceive from her real name, as well as her nickname, which is "*N'est ce mas*," that she is quite Frenchie, and, also, that she had controlling interest in quite a family, consisting of "*N'est ce pas*," "*N'est ce Dollie*," and "*N'est ce Bobbie*." Marie was afraid that her family needed more practice in their mother tongue, so she required that each and every member ask for what they wanted at the table in French. One of her obstreperous charges, after repeating in a normal voice, "*Passez-moi le buerre s'il vous plait*," about six times without receiving any response, shouted in a loud voice, "Pass your ma the butter on a silver plate."

There was only one other girl who enrolled her name with our Class that year, and she was Theresa Hodges, from Perry, Georgia. Tales of Theresa were rumored before her arrival. We listened with wonder when told of the vast store of knowledge she had acquired, and, when at last she came, we stood at a distance, felt our insignificance, and termed her "the child prodigy."



When the fall of 1911 came, it was with joy and sorrow that we re-assembled to walk once more through those long, echoing halls, to sit once again in those familiar classrooms, and to be what we had never been before—Juniors. As for the joy we are quite sure of that: there was the mere joy of living, the joy of seeing the girls, the joy of friendship and of love. But are we equally sure of the sorrows? There were few of them, and they were small, when we thought what our Junior year could mean to us. Our aspirations soared to extraordinary heights, when we thought of the Junior Prom, and we talked, dreamed, and thought of very little else for weeks before the eventful night. Excitement reached its zenith, when the rumor spread that Chungling Soong had invited the Chinese Ambassador to Switzerland to the Prom. We planned days ahead exactly what we should say to him; and, although our Prom was a wonderful success, all our plans were of no avail, for the Ambassador to Switzerland failed to put in his appearance.

After years of preparation, we entered Wesleyan, in the fall of 1912, as privileged Seniors. In the Senior Class, as "in the Forest of Arden, the fortunate few who have access to it formed a kind of secret fraternity, a brotherhood of the soul," which kinship is felt by those who have kept the faith by years of hard work.

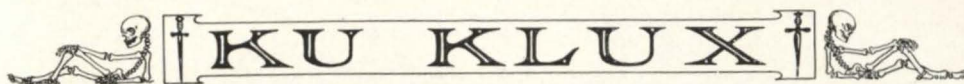
There was one girl, Leonese Park, from Macon, Mississippi, who, while we were toiling at Wesleyan, in preparation for the eventful day when we should be Seniors, was just as busy at the University of Mississippi, and came prepared to wear her cap and gown with us.

So, though we entered College at various and sundry times, this Class of 1913 departed *en masse* to tackle the wide, wide world; and no matter what the Future may hold in store for us, the Past is crowded with happy memories of our joyous days together at Wesleyan.

CORNELIA ADAMS.



CORNER OF PORCH



Prophecy of Senior Class



THE sun, a great, round ball of fire, as it went to sleep in the west, was flinging kisses at the golden harvest moon, as she peeped up from the waves. 'Twas a lovely scene. The ocean was like a mill-pond, it was so smooth and still. The lights of the city were gradually growing dimmer, and looked like myriads of tiny stars twinkling in the Milky Way, with the Statue of Liberty as Halley's Comet, its tale of light sweeping across the heavens.

All were standing on board the great steamer *Olympia* to wave good-byes to the loved ones on dock. Some were sad, and some were supremely happy. To the sad class, Anne and I belonged. There were traces of tears in her eyes, because her fiancé had been to see her off; and, although we were going to Paris to buy her trousseau, parting was such sweet sorrow. I was a little blue and teary, too.

Our friends had been kind and thoughtful of us, in that our state-room was filled with flowers, magazines and candy, but it reminded us too much of home, so we went upon deck.

We had just settled comfortably in our steamer chairs. Anne was dreaming of——, and I was wondering why Bec Branham had failed to meet us in New York, when the steward came up and said, "Beg pardon, are you Miss Emily Melton? Here are steamer letters for you and Miss Cunningham."

My! how glad we were to get them.

"Here's one for you, Anne; no, there are about a 'million dollars' worth for you. It reminds me of mail call at old Wesleyan."

I was suddenly grabbed around the neck and swung halfway across the deck, because Anne had opened some of her letters and was so excited.

"What under the sun is the matter with you, crazy?"

"Oh, Emiline, look here!"

"Anne, sit down and then tell me what you have heard, people will think we are wild."

"I don't care what they think. Here is a letter from old Gladys Ousley, and she is—guess where?"

"How do you think I know,—in Jericho?"



"No, she is in England, and has just given her concert in London. It was such a success that the King wants her to play at Buckingham Castle. She is going to meet us at Liverpool, and wants us to help her select her court gown. Won't we have a good time?" asked Anne.

"I am crazy to see her. Just think of all three of us being together again! But by the time I finish selecting clothes for you and Gladys, I shall have to leave immediately for the Republic of China and put myself under the care of Chungling Soong, the medical expert."

"Oh, do let's go to the great Soong Polyclinic and have her cut out our foreign expenses!" answered Anne.

"If we are alive when Chungling gets through with us we can see Hattie Stubbs at her beautiful Mission House at Soo Chow. I had an invitation from her just before I left home for us to come to visit her."

"Here is a package for you—open it. I want to know what is in it," said Anne.

"It is a book," I answered, "and old Annie Dickey wrote it. Let's see what the name of it is—'The Circuit Rider's Wife the Second.' I ought to have known she would write something like that, for she has always written beautifully."

"What do you think about this?—A paper edited by Miss Mary Trammell Star. The greatest paper in the world—'The Whys and Wherefores of the Universe,'" said Anne.

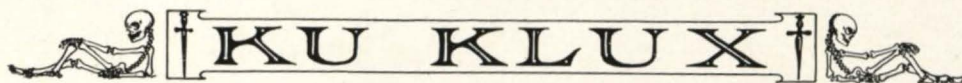
"Give it to me. I want to see what she is doing in newspaper work."

"Look at this, I wish you would! The whole front page is taken up with a picture of a good-looking woman—Miss Annie Gantt, the leader of the Four Hundred. At last Annie is doing the stunts that she was always so crazy about," I said.

"Let's turn over and look at some other page. I knew I would find somebody else. Here is Irene McDonald's latest address on Woman's Rights. She certainly has strong convictions on the subject. I hear that she is to run for some office in the next election."

"I hate to worry you so much, Miss Melton," said the steward, "but there is a wireless message for you, and by special request we are going to let you receive it direct."

"Where do I have to go, and what do I have to do?" I asked. "I would rather you would just bring it typewritten to me."



"Miss Melton, it is a privilege for a passenger to catch the wireless himself; however, this courtesy is extended through your old classmate who is sending it. Both of you just come up this way," he said.

"Come on, Anne. I am so excited over a wireless."

"Here you are, ladies; just step into this little room and the operator will tell you what to do."

I was soon seated near the instrument with the harness over my head.

"Why, hello there, Emiline! Have you or Anne been seasick yet? I reckon you would like to know who this is. It is Kathleen McRae, and I am in the wireless business in New York. This is the first message that I have sent, but Marconi says that I shall make a wonderful record.

"I did not know that you and Anne were going to Paris until just a short time ago. Lucye Benton and Gertrude Cotter are up North traveling—the price of cotton went up this year, and so they are both rich now. They are having the best time in the world just traveling around. I want to tell you a scandal on Lucy. You remember last year while she was singing in grand opera? Well, she fell in love with the World's Greatest Tenor and vows she is going to marry him just as sure as she is alive. Poor old Trud is having such a hard time keeping her from doing it. You know Trud has just left her husband because he would drink. Did you know that Ruth Shelton had been to the Conservatory in Boston for Expression? She had such decided talent, and has done so beautifully that Dean Southwick has named her as his successor. I saw Leonese Park and Rubye Lee McKinney the other day down in the East Side District of New York. They are doing Settlement work, and all of the poor people down there are crazy about them both. Leonese sings for them quite often, and they call her their Geraldine Farrar. Emiline, I want you to know I——"

"'I what?' Oh, my! Anne, the connection has gone, and I want to know what she was going to say so bad."

We returned to our steamer chairs, tucked our rugs warmly around us, and were eagerly reading our letters, when I came across a queer-looking package. It was not a book, neither was it a paper, but it was stiff and square.

"*The Pictorial Review*, by Miss Johnnie Atkinson!—Look here, Little Anne, I want you to know that Johnnie is still in the picture business. I wonder if she has as hard time with her subject as she used to have with us for the Annual?"

"Emily, stop talking so much, and let's look at some of the pictures," said Anne.

"Why, the whole portfolio is about the Governor of Florida, and some of her stump speeches," I said.



"Well, stupid! Who is the Governor of Florida, I wish you would tell me."

"The Governor? I don't know. Jones was the one last year, but I have not heard the returns of the recent election. Anne, look here! I wish you would. Can you believe your eyes? It is Christine Bryan! I know she will make the best Governor that the State ever had—that is, if she governs them any way at all like she did us. She used to send me into my room every night after eleven. I thought she would be tired of governing when she graduated from the 'Oldest and Best,' but it seems she isn't."

"I don't see how she could want to govern so many people," murmured Anne.

"I suppose you believe in intensive government and not extensive, eh, Anne?"

"Emily, I wish you would stop trying to tease me, because you can not do it. While we are on this subject," said Anne, "I shall read you an announcement that I just read in the *Macon Telegraph*. Where is that paper? Oh, I can't find it, but, anyway, Cornelia Adams and——— are going to get married, and they sail on the 20th for Venice, the place where the groom bought the bride's engagement present."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I remember that pretty ring and all those pins that Cornelia had, but I did not know that it was anything serious. My! It seems like to me that everybody is indulging in it at the present moment, and I don't see a chance yet for me. But such is the life of a single woman."

"Em, I'm so sleepy," said Anne.

"Well, here is just one more letter I have to read you, and then you can go to sleep. Guess who it is from? No other than Ethel Gardner."

"Ethel is mean; she never does write to me," said Anne. "I had almost lost track of her. Tell me what she is doing."

"You know how crazy she was about botany and zoölogy? Well, she is out West catching butterflies and studying the different animals; then she is working for Burbank, too."

"Go to sleep, Anne, but please don't sleep long, for I shall be lonely if you do." Here is one letter that I have not read yet, but I shall let Anne sleep, and tell her about it when she wakes up. Bless old Virginia Fraser's heart! This is a long letter from her, and she is in Washington. I wonder what for? This is fine (reading the letter):

"I am spending the winter in the White House with Woodrow Wilson's daughters. He was so delighted over the Wesleyan girls' songs during his



campaign, and he found out that I was the leader of them, so he asked me up to spend the winter with his daughters. Needless to say I am having the time of my life.

"I saw Minnie McMichael at the ball the other night, and she told me a secret. I shall tell you, though, because by the time you receive this letter everybody will know about it. She is engaged to the Secretary of the Navy—because Minnie always was fond of 'Ships' you know—and they are to be married in the spring. You just ought to see her! She is the happiest person in the world.

"I see Katharine Carnes quite often, too, because she is Head Librarian in the Congressional Library. She is putting in a new system of filing, and President Wilson thinks she is a wonder.

"Susie Merriitt has just taken her Ph. D. from Harvard, and she is to have the chair of English in Randolph-Macon next year. I think I have told you all the news about the College girls that I know."

"Anne, please wake up. You don't need sleep in the daytime. You can get enough of that at night. Here is another letter. You can read it if you care to."

"Seeing this in here about Katharine Carnes makes me think of Elizabeth Baker. Did you know that she and Little Sister Hardy had gone on a trip around the world? They are in Australia now, and they are more than enjoying it. There are a whole lot of other girls and six boys, and it is just like a house-party all of the time. Tibba's rich uncle died, leaving her two million dollars on the condition that she spend one of the million on travel," said Anne.

"Isn't that fine? I didn't know that, but I can go you one better. I want you to know that Theresa Hodges is teaching the Frenchmen how to speak French. It sounds like a fish tale, but it is so."

"I am not surprised at that," answered Anne, "for while we were in school she knew lots more about French than Mr. Graham. As we come back home maybe we can come by Willanne's Tunnel. I saw just before we sailed that it would be completed before the year was out. It is to be under the Altantic from New York to Liverpool."

"Let me tell you one thing, Anne, I am going to be on top of the water,—never way down under it like that."

"Anne, where are you going on your wedding trip?"

"Why, I don't know," answered Anne. "I hate to go to the same old places that everybody goes. So I think maybe we shall go to the South Pole. I certainly do appreciate Marie Barrow's discovering it for us. She did it in the nick of time. The only thing I am worried about is that Evelyn



Cranford won't get to come to my wedding. She has such a large school this year up at Richmond, Virginia. Believe me, she surely does put the finishing touches on those girls up there, too. She does them just as she used to touch up our old hats. You know I could never get married unless she were there to put on my wedding veil for me."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Anne, I shall see to it that Evelyn gets there all right. The thing I am excited over is getting to Paris by the 30th. You know that is the night that Mademoiselle de la McMichael—in other words Ella Bess—plays there. That is her first night there, and I want to see her in her new rôle. They say that it is magnificent and that the President of France is wild to marry her, but Ella Bess loves her work too much. All of the people are raving about her.

"Wray Chester is over there too, but she is not in the play. She is director of Ella Bess's private orchestra, and they can play, too, believe me."

"Em, look there, what is that?" asked Anne.

"I don't see anything."

"Look up there, please," said Anne; "there is an aeroplane."

"Anne, an aeroplane! where?"

"Right up there."

"It looks to me as if it is going to light here."

"So it is," said Anne, "right here by us."

"Hi there, Em and Anne!" I heard somebody call.

"Anne, I want you to know that it is Emma May Rambo that is running the machine, and Leo Baker is with her."

"Come quick, Em, for we can not stop but a minute; we want to bring you the news that the Red and White is still winning at Wesleyan."

"Well, where are you going, Leo?"

"Why, don't you know? We are going to Cuba to see Florida play football," said Leo. "Emma May is coach and I am sponsor."

"Here is a note for you, Em, from Bec."

"I wish we could take you both with us, but there isn't enough room," called back Emma May as they flew away.

We went back to our steamer chairs, and Anne just could not stay awake any longer. She fell asleep and I read:

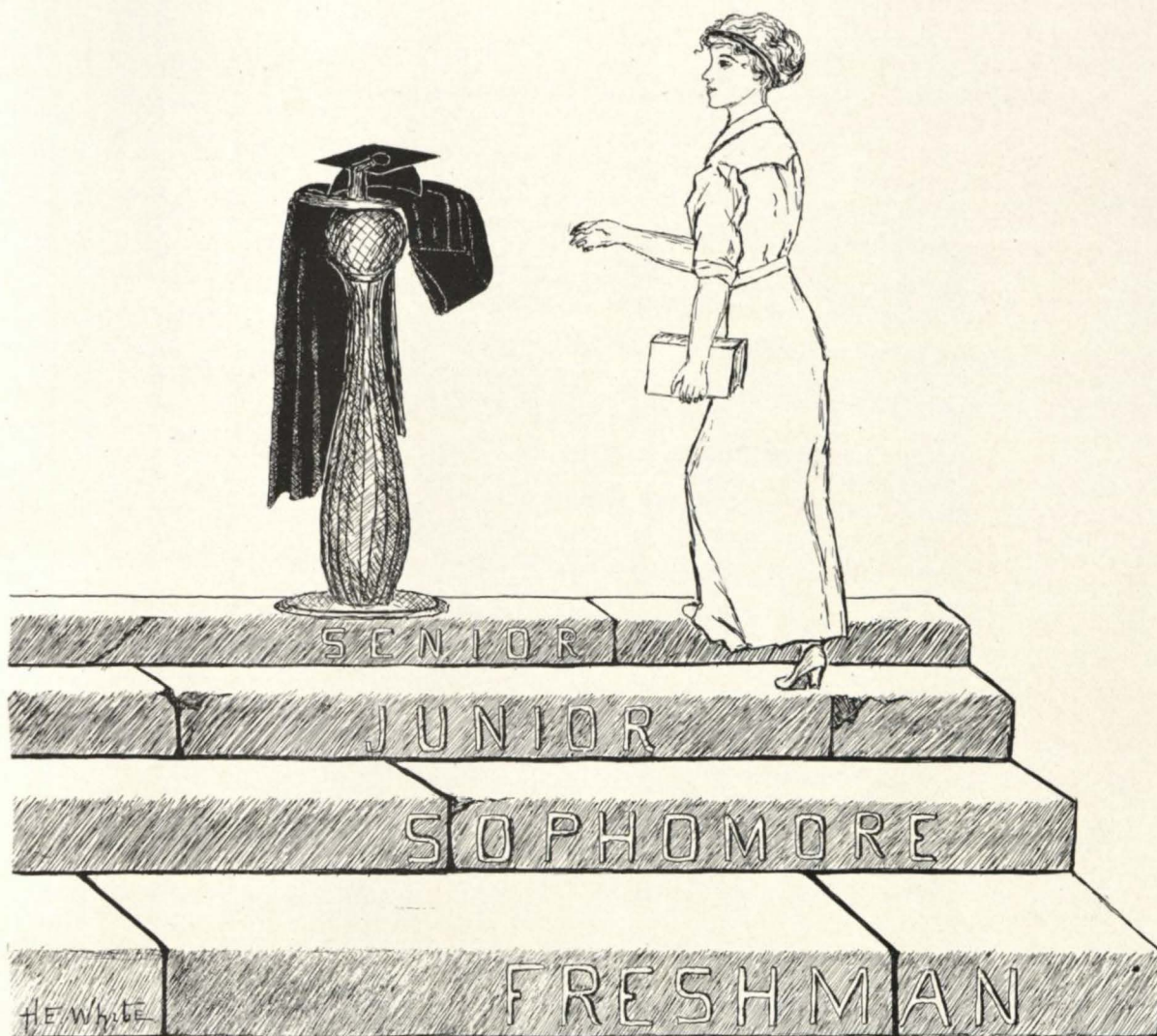
"Emiline, I am sorry not to be with you, but love in a little brown cottage is sweeter."

Bec gone, too! All of my old friends are deserting me.

EMILY MELTON.

SENIORS CLASSIFIED

NAME	NICKNAME	HIGHEST AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE OCCUPATION
Cornelia Adams	Angel	To talk unceasingly	"You old story-telling buzzard"	Outing Club	Talking
Johnnie Atkinson	John	To get through college	"Honey"	Pictures	Making pictures
Leo Baker	Leonil	To have a dip from Wesleyan	"I not go do it"	Getting Locals	Eating oranges
Elizabeth Baker	Tibba	To get the Annual to press on time	"This is so sudden"	SAE Pins	Keeping up with Minnie and "Little Sister"
Marie Barrow	N'est ce pas	To go to France	"Tout le temps"	French	Reading French
Lucy Benton	Lussie	To be a prima donna	"Have you seen Annie Bess?"	Annie Bess	T-L-ing
Rebecca Brannan	Bec	To swim across the Atlantic	"Ain't no apples"	Apples	Going out in the rain
Christine Bryan	Christide	To spend a week at Wesleyan with nothing to do	"The mischief"	Making up Lab	Being President of Student Government
Katharine Carnes	Kitty	To be librarian at Congressional Library	"Where's Angel?"	Flirting	Working on <i>The Wesleyan</i>
Wray Chester	Rubby	To be "cute"	"Don't you know?"	Looking for Mary Starr	Getting ads for <i>The Wesleyan</i>
Gertrude Cotter	Truddle	To sleep a week	"Oh Heck!"	To fall off	Dressing up
Evelyn Cranford	Strawberry	To have a black dress	"By Jinks!"	To fall off	Going to weddings
Anne Cunningham	Little Anne	To ride in the Black Maria	"Prithee"	Amusing the crowd	Playing the "court fool"
Annie Dickey	Dickey Bird	To sew a straight seam	"Good-night"	Begging poetry for <i>The Wesleyan</i>	Going to see Bettie Lou
Virginia Fraser	Ginger	To be a tennis shark	"Get off the earth"	Dieting	Leading class yells
Annie Gantt	Ann	To live at Wesleyan	"Believe me, Bubber"	Saturday night at Wesleyan	Riding around in autos
Ethel Gardner	Ethel J	To teach science	"Honey child"	Lab	Making up Lab
Willanne Gurr	Billie	To fall in love	"Ain't we proud?"	Cold cream	Playing Clementi
Annie Lou Hardy	Little Sister	To wear a train	"You know how it is"	"Tibba" and Minnie	Being cute
Theresa Hodges	Resa	To do nothing	"Why, Anne!"	Languages	Studying
Emily Melton	Mrs. Em	To be an engineer on a real freight train	"Thu"	K A Pins	T-L-ing
Susie Merritt	Susie	To get an M. A. degree	"I don't think so, Mr. Graham"	Literature	Wearing high collars
Ruby Lee McKinney	Reuben	To catch up on geology	"Well, fiddlesticks!"	Chasing reserved library books	Running from "life-sized rats"
Irene McDonald	Rene	To go abroad	"I'd go on the stage"	To have a beau every Sunday night	Catching up with Lit note-book
Ella Bess McMichael	E B	To get through college	"Aw, sho nuff!"	T-L-ing	Loading
Minnie McMichael	Mack	To own an orange grove	"I'm so embarrassed"	"Little Sister" and "Tibba"	Telling jokes
Kathleen McRae	Kathie	To get a man	"Oh, the doubts!"	Ads for KU KLUX	Keeping Leo straight
Gladys Ousley	Gladys	To ride in an aeroplane	"Let's get together on this"	Music	T-L-ing
Leonese Park	Weer Weese	To get through school	"I don't know, do you?"	Voice	Going to college
Emma May Rambo	Bobbie	To get a "dip"	"Now, then!"	Athletics and Science	"Gym"
Ruth Shelton	Chunk	To memorize book of English poetry	"Oh-h-my!"	Shakespeare	Studying
Chungling Soong	Chungling	To be father's secretary	"China"	Getting letters	Reading the newspaper
Mary Starr	Twinkle	To run a newspaper	"Well, what do you know about that?"	Business managing	Going to town
Hattie Stubbs	Dolly	To be of some benefit to the world	"I have 'ut got time"	Taking Latin	Going to Missionary meeting



JUNIOR



Class of 1914

Colors: Lavender and White.

Flower: Sweet Pea.

Motto: Nulla Vectigit Retrorsum.

OFFICERS

GLADYS SHEPPARD	PRESIDENT
THEODORA ATKINSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARIE MERRITT	SECRETARY
LUCILE FLOURNOY	TREASURER
NELIA DAMOUR	HISTORIAN
MARY ROBESON	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
SUSIE BROWN }	REPRESENTATIVES TO STUDENT GOV. ASSOCIATION
ELOISE COOPER }	

MEMBERS

ATKINSON, THEODORA
BROWN, SUSIE
BOND, VERA
BUXTON, MARIE
COOPER, ELOISE
CREDILLE, RUTH
DAMOUR, NELIA
DREW, EMMA
FLOURNOY, LUCILE

HATCHER, LOIS
HOLDER, KATHLEEN
MARCHMAN, ANNIE
MERRITT, MARIE
MORGAN, MARY
POWELL, FLOYE
RALSTON, RUTH
ROBINSON, MARY
SHEPPARD, GLADYS



CLASS OF 1914



History of the Class of 1914

YEARS in retrospect seem to dwindle in size until many years assume the proportions of a day or two. Have you ever wondered why our grandmothers always speak of "the good old days"—not years? Why they always say: "My child, my school days"—not years—"were the happiest?" Perhaps they have the proverbial feminine aversion of acknowledging years; or, perhaps, they know that their life histories will last longer if given one day at a time.

Possessing all the characteristics of a true granddaughter, and lacking the first requisite of an historian, it will be easier for me to speak of the College days than of the years spent at Wesleyan by the Class of 1914.

Yesterday a wonderfully significant event took place—the transition of a small band of school girls into college girls. History was completely side-tracked, and its old habit of repeating itself was abruptly stopped. These girls began to do and to accomplish. Soon they departed from the "needle-threading" and "button-stringing" method of entertaining, and showed to college life an *al fresco* luncheon and a hotel banquet. Originality was again displayed when a member of this Class created and successfully established the literary societies of Wesleyan. Nor was this all that these girls did: ancient languages were modernized, battles were fought—and won!

To-day—

"Their deeds still travel with them from afar,
And what they have been makes them what they are."

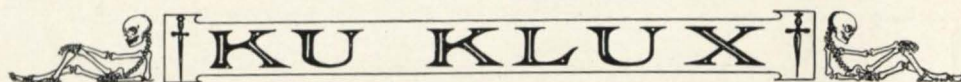
There are many privileges attached to the honor of being a Junior: Besides enjoying the distinction of belonging to an "upper class," its members attain the age and degree of dignity when young men are allowed—and are absolutely essential—at their Prom. Yet these Juniors are not satisfied with their attainments: there are aims, efforts, and struggles to reach the sphere and assume the dignity of "patient, grave, and reverend Seniors."

To-morrow—the coveted and ideal state will be gained; great hopes will be realized. All hail to these Seniors! When, with all of its victories and vast successes, the Class of 1914 receives its diplomas, that will be the final triumph—the culmination of its era of achievement.

NELIA DAMOUR.



SOPHOMORES.



Class of 1915

Colors: Gold and White.

Flower: Daisy.

Motto: Labor Omnia Vincit.

OFFICERS

MARY QUILLIAN.....	PRESIDENT
EVELYN BETTS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
CAROLINE KNIGHT.....	SECRETARY
ANNIE LOIS STOWE.....	TREASURER
MOZELLE TUMLIN.....	HISTORIAN
LEUNA BASKIN.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

MEMBERS

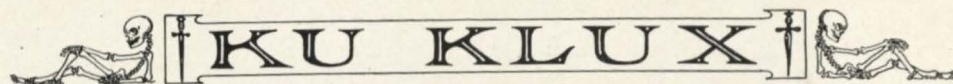
ATKINSON, ELEANOR
BASKIN, LEUNA
BEELAND, RUTH
BETTS, EVELYN
BISHOP, ROSE
BRADDY, NELLA
BROWN, MARY
BURNSIDE, KATRINA
DICKY, JESSIE
DYAL, NORMA
FERGUSON, LILLIE
FAUCETT, RUBY
GAMBLE, IRENE

GRESHAM, RUTH
HOLMES, CATHERINE
KNIGHT, CAROLINE
LITTLE, WILLIE MAE
MORGAN, ANITA
MILLER, LEOLA
MOBLEY, LUCY
MCRAE, ISABELLE
PRINGLE, FLORENCE
QUILLIAN, MARY
LIDELL, LOLA
STOWE, ANNIE LOIS
TAYLOR, MAE

TUMLIN, MOZELLE



CLASS OF 1915



History of the Class of 1915

THE pioneers of 1915 reached Wesleyan in September, 1911, and the movement went down in the history of the old College as a memorable event. Of such importance is this date that from it all time is reckoned. The previous history of these people is recorded in language known only to mothers, nursery maids, and school teachers. But, having passed that stage of unwritten history, we come now to review what is known among men as Freshman and Sophomore days. These have been days of honest toil, with sometimes heartaches and almost heartbreaks; but, on the whole, they have been happy days, full of wholesome, though not always most enjoyable, work. A record of this may be found in the archives of "the oldest woman's college in the world."

Days counted most blest are those that are remembered best, and some of these have been indelibly stamped on the College calendar as red-letter days. As we turn the leaves of the calendar, memory slips back through many days which are famous because they represent occasions of real pleasure and delight in the success with which the girls of 1915 ministered to those faithful people known as the Juniors of 1912 and the Seniors of 1913. The whole world recalls the minutest detail of evenings spent in the tearoom or in the ever-wonderful "movies"—that mecca towards which school girls' eyes turn. There are other days marked by joy riding in trolley-cars, with pennants flying, and class yells and songs making the earth glad. A few places on the calendar are sacred to holidays, which, in common parlance, mean "feast days," which, among the many days, seem very few, but which are all the more dear for being so rare.

Not only has the Class played an important part in the social life of the College world, but it has starred in the field of Athletics. Three of the seven girls who entered the tennis tournament in 1912 won class championships.

It is the earnest purpose of the Sophomore Class to maintain a high standard of excellence throughout its entire College career, and have the College Faculty refer to it—the Class of 1915—as a model one.

MOZELLE TUMLIN, '15.



1916

[illegible]



Class of 1916

Colors: Green and Gold.

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose.

Motto: "Fortis cadare, sed cedere non potest."

OFFICERS

LOLLIE BELL ERNEST.....PRESIDENT
 LALEAH WIGHT.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 IDA MUNROE.....TREASURER
 MERLYN HILEY.....SECRETARY
 CHRISTINE BROOME.....HISTORIAN
 MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON.....CAPTAIN BASKET-BALL TEAM

MEMBERS

ALMAND, LOULIE	GREENE, MILDRED ✓	✓POTTS, NANNIE
✓ANTHONY, GLADYS	✓GREER, ELOISE	✓POWELL, ANNIE PET
✓ATKINS, GERALDINE	HALE, CALLIE ✓	✓ROBESON, HARRIETT
BEANE, RUTH	✓HENDERSON, MINNIE BROWN ✓	✓ROGERS, WILLIE BELLE
✓BRIDGES, LURLINE	✓HILEY, MERLYN ✓	✓SOONG, MAY LING
BROOKS, MARY	✓HOLMES, FRANCES	SPEER, LEILA
✓BROOME, CHRISTINE ✓	✓HOLMES, SARA	✓STEELE, MARY
BRYAN, HELEN	✓KILGORE, MARY	✓SUTHERLAND, EMMA
✓CONEY, SARAH LEE	LEWIS, LILLIAN	✓RYDER, MARY ELLA
✓COWART, RACHAEL	✓McCRARY, HELEN ✓	✓TEASLEY, EDWINA ✓
EDGE, KATIE	✓McMASTER, ELIZABETH	✓WATTS, WEETA
✓ERNEST, LOLLIE BELLE ✓	✓MUNROE, IDA ✓	WEBSTER, SARA
✓EXLEY, ALTHEA	PEEPLS, LOUIE	✓WHITE, RUTH
FLANDERS, ESTHER		✓WIGHT, LALEAH ✓
✓FRANKLIN, LIDA		✓WOOTEN, ROSA



CLASS OF 1916



History of Class of 1916

Two years ago when we "Subs" set sail
For a voyage on College Sea,
We were warned that rough, rough winds and rocks
Alone would our portion be;
That work, hard work was ahead of us,
More work than we ever could do;
So we poor little Subs were sore dismayed.
And trembled at starting, too.

But either the seas were calmer then,
Or we had a better crew
Than the other ships who had gone that way,
For we sailed it smoothly through;
And found that the rocks, if we worked with zeal,
Were soon passed by with ease,
And we even escaped Geometry Reef—
That terror of Sub-Fresh Seas.

At Freshman Port we stopped to add
New members to our crew,
And glad we were to take them on,
But we sailed off sadly, too;
For we left behind a pilot good,
A guide beloved, who
Through all the tempests of the way
Had steered us straight and true.

On this year's trip we still sail straight;
We fight sometimes as we go,
But the green and gold wins every time,
And it always will, we know.
We'll fight right bravely till we win
All victories on the way,
And sail, with the green and gold afloat,
Into Graduation Bay.

CHRISTINE BROOME, '16.





Class of 1917

Colors: Red and White.

Flower: Red Carnation.

OFFICERS

LEILA LEGG	PRESIDENT
VIRGINIA CONNALLY	VICE-PRESIDENT
CATHERINE OLIVER	SECRETARY
JEANNETTE BUNKLEY	TREASURER
MARGARET FERRILL	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
OLIVE DEFOOR	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

BOONE, ETHEL	LANGDALE, SADIE
BEETNER, ETHEL	LEGG, LEILA
BUNKLEY, JEANNETTE	OLIVER, CATHERINE
CONN, LUCIA	OLIVER, CARRIE
CONNALLY, VIRGINIA	PARKS, SARA
COX, SALLIE SUE	SCOTT, MAGGIE MAE
DEFOOR, OLIVE	SLOANE, MILDRED
FERRILL, MARGARET	SMALL, ADALINE
HEARN, KATHLEEN	TAYLOR, MATTIE SUE
HUBERT, GERALDINE	TALIFERRO, MYRTLE
HUFF, PATSY	TOUCHSTONE, ELLA
LANE, MARY	VARN, LETITIA

WHITFIELD, KATHRYN



CLASS OF 1917



History of the Class of 1917

WHEN we left home for Wesleyan we felt our importance at the idea of "going away to college." We were still happy as we matriculated and were sent to the Dean for classification. It was here that our spirits fell, for he told us that we would be "Subs." The whole school considered us as children and, especially the Freshmen, thought us babies.

Very soon we found out that we would be the Class of 1917, with the red and white colors, which we determined to make victorious.

Our first opportunity to prove our worth was when we helped the "Sophs" to victory on the night they burned the Freshman effigy. Our greatest triumph was the taking of the Freshman banner. My, but it was fun to see them hunt for it! We were so enthusiastic over the Seniors' victory and the stolen banner that we condescended to give the "Freshies" a few points in basket-ball. Since "Subs" are believed to start at the bottom, we decided to wait until our Freshman year to make our glorious début in basket-ball, for now we have to use most of our time in looking after the other interests of the College.

We were introduced into Wesleyan society by the Seniors at a Hallowe'en party on the campus from ten to twelve. We entertained the Seniors with a Christman tree in the "Gym," and old Santa Claus brought each a present characteristic of her personality.

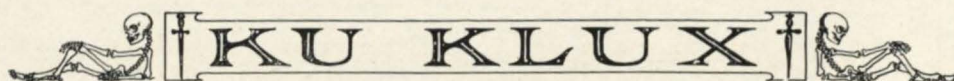
It is rumored that the Seniors are going to honor the "Sub" Class by having them serve at their garden party at Commencement.

The "Subs" are seriously considering the question, which we will take up with the Board of Trustees at Commencement, whether it will be advisable to move the College out to Rivole or not.

The Seniors are to give us their colors, yells, The Ku Klux Klan, The Wiggle-Tails, and the example of the Class of 1913, which we shall forever strive to follow.

OLIVE DE FOOR, '17.





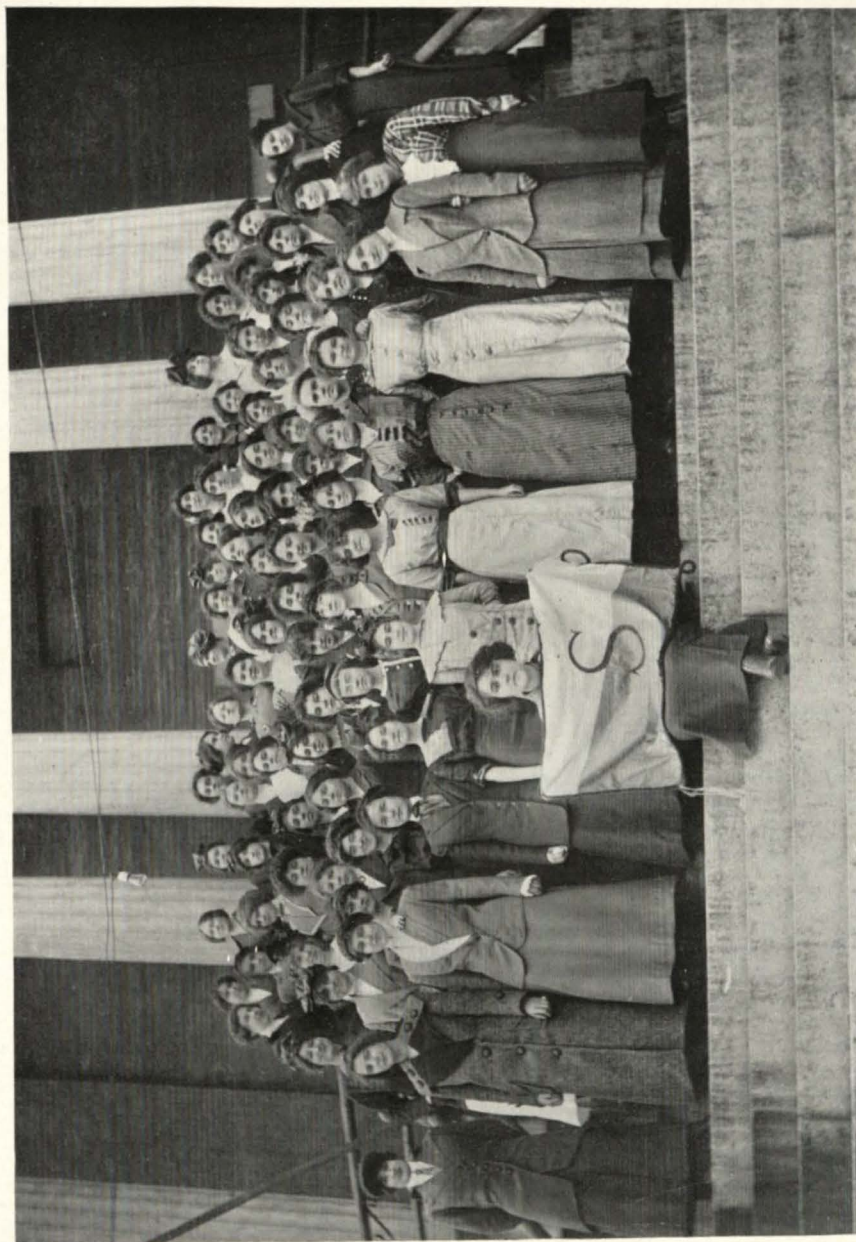
Special Class

OFFICERS

MARY DUDLEY FORT.....	PRESIDENT
VERNA FRENCH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MILDRED McKENZIE.....	SECRETARY
GEORGIA HUGHES.....	TREASURER
ANNIE LAURIE FEAGIN }	STUDENT GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVES
BIDDIE HORKAN }	

MEMBERS

ADAMS, RUTH	FRENCH, Verna	MOSS, JESSIE
AMES, ANNA	GARDNER, ETHEL	MURRAY, ALICE
BACHMAN, JANIE	GRAHAM, WILLIE	OUTLER, ANNIE BESS
BETHEA, HELEN	GREENE, JEWETTE	PARKER, WILLIE BELLE
BLAIR, EDNA	GRIFFITH, EVELYN	POLHILL, IEAH
BRANDON, HATTIE	HEATH, EMILY	POLHILL, KATHERINE
BROWN, RUTH	HIGDON, HELEN	PRIDGEN, MABEL
CAIN, LUCILE	HODGES, EDNA	RADFORD, RUTH
CANNON, SARA	HOLDEN, FRANCES	RHODES, LILLA
COGGINS, AGNES	HORKAN, BIDDIE	RHODES, SADIE
COTTER, ESSIE	HUGHES, GEORGIA	RIVES, NANNOLINE
CUNNINGHAM, EUNICE	JENKINS, ELOISE	ROBERTS, BERYL
CURRIE, ANNA	JOHNS, RUTH	ROBERTSON, HENRIETTA
DAVIS, MARIE	JOHNS, VIRGINIA	ROSS, BELL
DAVIS, JUANITA	JOHNSON, LESLIE	RUCKER, RUTH
DEWBERRY, CLARA BELL	LANG, EULA	SCONYERS, MARION
EASTERLIN, LUCILE	LEGG, NELLIE	SIMPSON, ANNA BELL
EDGE, BERTHA	LINDER, MARGIE	SLAPPEY, GLADYS
EPPERSON, MARGARET	LIVINGSTON, MAUDE	SMITH, FLORENCE
ESTES, CLAUDE	LOTT, EUNICE	SMITH, GEORGIA
FAUST, JOSEPHINE	MALLORY, BLANCHE	SMITH, RUTH
FEAGIN, ANNIE LAURIE	MARSHBURN, MARIE	STONE, GLADYS
FELDER, LOTTIE	MCCORD, MARY	WATSON, NORMA
FERRELL, ELEANOR	McKENZIE, MILDRED	WATSON, ROBBIE
FINNEY, MILDRED	MEANS, IRMA	WETHERELL, LOUISE
FLAKE, ANNIE LAURIE	MIZELLE, BEULAH	WHATLEY, LEILA
FORT, MARY DUDLEY	MOORE, IRMA	WHITE, MARTHA
FRANKLIN, JULIA	MOORE, ONA	WILKES, FRANCES
FREEMAN, LOUISE		WISE, IOLA



SPECIAL CLASS



Graduates in Special Departments

MUSIC GRADUATES

MARY WESLEY CRAIG	}	VOICE
HAZEL HAMILTON		
MARIE BARROW		MINNIE McMICHAEL
WRAY CHESTER		ONA MOORE
JUANITA DAVIS		GLADYS OUSLEY
WILLANNE GURR		CATHERINE POLHILL
FANNIE HILL HERRING		RUTH ROLSTON
ELLA BESS McMICHAEL		FLORENCE SMITH

EXPRESSION GRADUATES

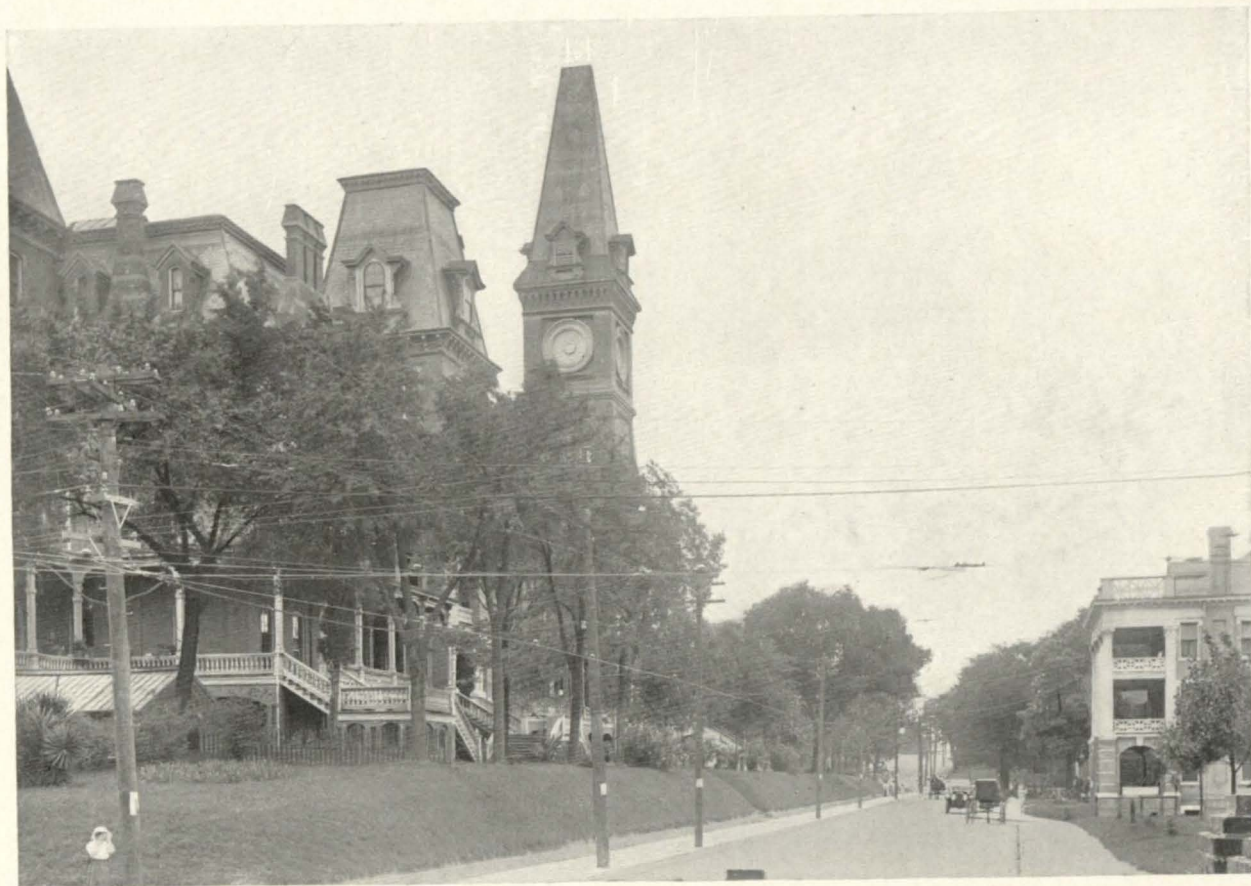
MRS. MAUDE JOHNSON	MARION SCONYERS
	RUTH SHELTON

ART GRADUATES

PEARL HUDGINS	ANNE TAYLOR
LOUISE WETHERELL	MARION SCONYERS

CHINA PAINTING GRADUATES

SARA TINSLEY	BIDDIE HORKAN
JANIE BEACHMAN	WINNIFRED BROOKS

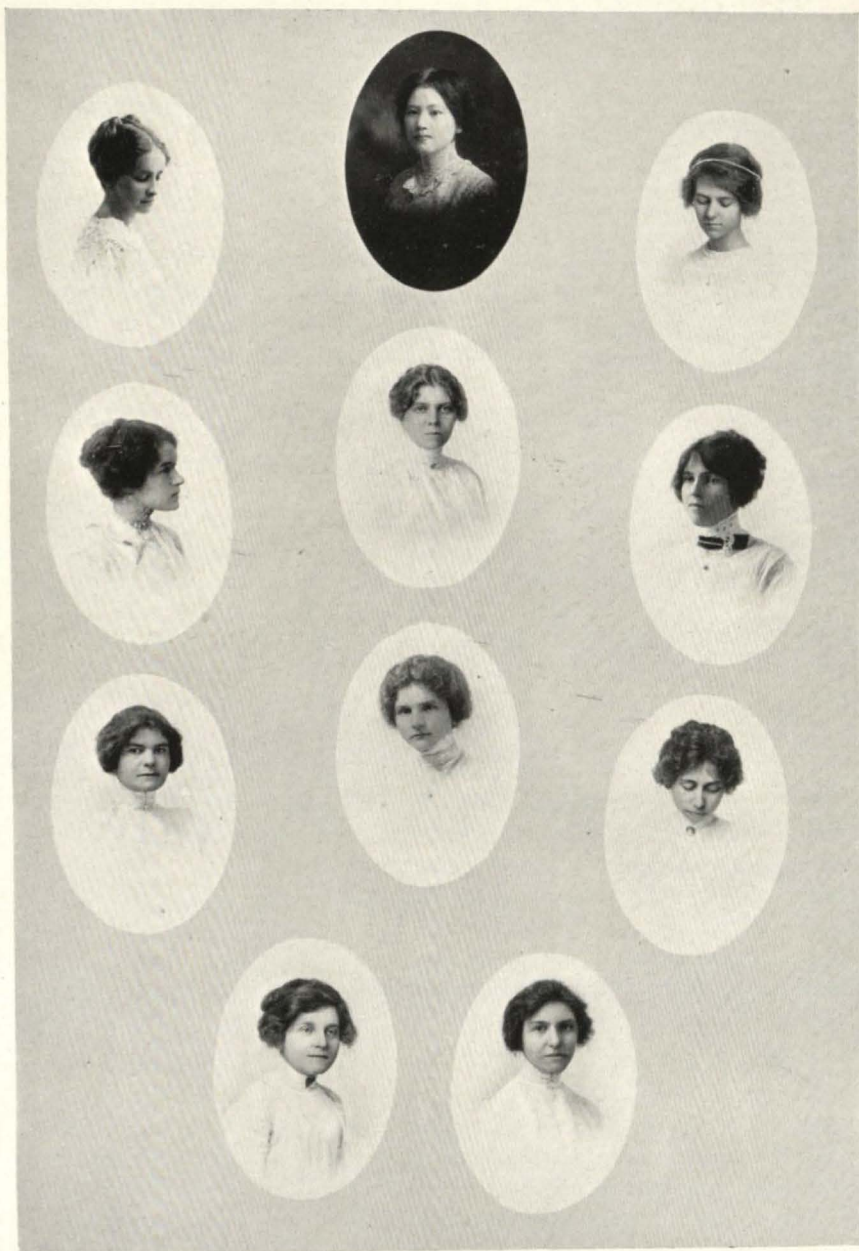


COLLEGE STREET—LOOKING EAST



"The Wesleyan" Staff

KATHARINE CARNES.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
KATHLEEN MCRAE.....	ASSOCIATE EDITOR
ANNIE DICKEY } CHUNGLING SOONG }	LITERARY EDITORS
RUTH ROLSTON.....	JUNIOR EDITOR
WRAY CHESTER } MARY STARR }	BUSINESS MANAGERS
WILLANNE GURR.....	Y. W. C. A. EDITOR
LEO BAKER.....	LOCAL EDITOR
CORNELIA ADAMS.....	ALUMNÆ EDITOR
ANNE CUNNINGHAM.....	EXCHANGE EDITOR



THE WESLEYAN STAFF



Roses



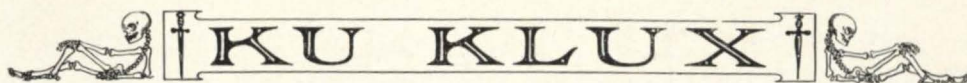
ES, she was very tired of work and, undoubtedly, college was "the biggest bore in the world." Keith had said so, and she supposed Keith knew all about such things, for he had been to four different colleges and had stayed as long as six months at one of them. He was working on the farm now and making money so fast that it would not be long before Rose looked dreamily out of the window with a far-away look in her eyes and a faint flush on her cheeks; then she suddenly pushed back her hair from those dreamy eyes and gave herself a little shake. It was true that college bored her and it was true that she wanted to leave that very day, but there seemed no way of escape. If only Keith would come for her and they could leave that place forever. Rose laughed softly to herself, for she could almost see Keith driving up to the front in a big farm wagon; then he would tie the mules to the iron post and run up the steps to call for "Miss Rose Grantley."

"That's the one and only way he can get here now," she sighed, "for when he left that last college his father declared he should work on the farm and make every penny he spent, and I haven't had roses but three times since," she concluded aloud.

"What's the trouble, Rosie," asked Nell Brady, looking up from her zoölogy text-book. "Between these frightful earthworms and that doleful sigh of yours, I'm about to get the blues."

Nell was a roommate and the one, consequently, in whom to confide. She knew exactly how many colleges Keith had been to, how long he had stayed at each place, and just why he had taken so speedy a departure from each in turn. She also knew the effect Keith's trials had upon Rose Grantley's spirits, for Nell was an observant young lady, and inspiring listener, and Rose was of a confiding nature. Now that she had spoken the first few words, Rose felt that an explanation was due to Nell, so she smoothed out the letter she held in her hand and began:

"Well, you see it's just this way, Nell. I haven't had any roses in over a month, and you remember how Keith never used to miss a week. He said



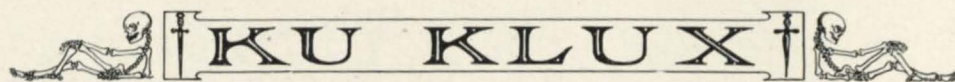
roses were my flowers, and he always sent red ones." Here she paused until Nell nodded her head encouragingly and remarked that she had missed the roses too. "But what I hate most of all is that he never comes to see me now. Positively, his father is the meanest man I know! He puts every cent that poor boy makes in the bank and won't let him draw it out. Says he can when he's twenty-one—if he has any sense by that time." This was given by Rose with a sarcastic shrug of the shoulder intended for the father of the much-abused Keith. "And Keith writes me that he's making enough right now for us to—— for him to—— oh, Nell, you know what I mean, but somehow I can't tell even you," she finished in confusion.

"Oh, yes, of course I understand. He's making enough for you two to be married," replied the matter-of-fact Nell. "The trouble seems to be just with the father. Yes, undoubtedly that father is an obstinate, an insurmountable difficulty."

"An insurmountable nothing! He's an old toad—that's just what he is, and I wish Keith didn't belong to him! He won't for long, if I can help it." This last was added half under her breath, but of course Nell heard and laughed so heartily that Rose was almost offended, but at last allowed herself to be coaxed into a good humor and out for a walk.

That night she could hardly study for thinking of Keith. He was very troublesome and quite ruinous to a young lady's lessons. It was annoying to read a line in literature and then to have an image of Keith plowing right down that line as if it were a row of corn; or, if she were able to rid her mind of Keith the over-worked, Keith in party attire was sure to bob up at the end of a paragraph in place of the pencil, and to stay there, telling her all the things he had said the last time she had seen him. Of course Rose forgot to read the next paragraph for fully ten minutes, and when she did at last come to the next period, there was Keith. It did seem as if that boy followed her everywhere and contrived to disturb her peace of mind on all occasions.

Now Keith Brown was a young rascal, who, like many another of the same type, had thrown away his opportunities as fast as they presented themselves, and when they were all gone he had begun to realize just how much he had lost. He did not find it so pleasant to utilize his football muscle at the plow, nor to spend his leisure hours tramping through the woods alone, and he quite longed for one more look into a Latin grammar; but all such wishes were idle, for Keith was doomed to plow himself a new field and to sow a better crop of oats this time.



One fine spring evening, after the day's work was over and Keith sat dozing on the vine-covered veranda, with his feet on the banisters and a pipe in his mouth, he was startled into wakefulness by a slap on the shoulder and the voice of his old friend and roommate, Sam Williams. Now Sam was by no means a "dig," but he was a lucky chap and knew well enough how to keep out of mischief. His appearance at this time was an especial occasion for rejoicing, for Keith had about reached the limit, and his patience was at the breaking point.

"It's a mortal blessing you came when you did, old chap," he remarked, when another pair of feet rested on the banisters and another pipe made the fresh night air dense with smoke. "I was planning to break loose and leave the crops to Nature for about a week. I think they would hardly miss my absence."

"What literary guy was it who instructed us to plow our own half-acre?" inquired Sam with a grin. "That's one lesson you took to heart, eh, Keith?" There was no response, and Keith was silent for a few moments. When he did speak, it was only to ask shortly, "Say, Williams, how long will you be in this neck of the woods, and how did you get here anyhow?"

"Well, you are a polite one," laughed Sam good-naturedly, "asking a fellow to leave before he gets his breath. But, to tell you the truth, I know just how I got here, for the roads were fierce—something tough on my car, and I had two blowouts on the way. No, sit still, old man, you can't have a spin till morning, when we will make it to the city."

"Aw, say, Sam, you don't mean it! Did I hear you say city, and do you mean *the* city?"

"Yes, to be sure, *the* city, and the very college where the 'sweetest Rose in Dixie' resides," teased Sam, who was also a roommate and, therefore a confidant by natural right. He knew the number of times a week that Rose wrote to Keith and he also knew when the expected letter had failed to come, for on such occasions his friend's usual buoyant spirits were at lowest ebb, and nothing would console Keith but a confidential talk with Sam on the subject nearest his heart. Now seemed as good a time as any for confidence, so knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he re-filled it and tilted a little further back in his chair. Sam knew the symptoms, so was silent until Keith began.

"Look here, Sam, this business is getting on my nerves! You know I've just gotten to the point where I've either got to see the little lady or fling up the job." He paused, and Sam put in a word of encouragement.



"But if you were to see that same little lady for a couple of hours, you could cultivate two farms in less time than it takes to tell it, eh?"

"You catch my meaning exactly," answered Keith, nodding his head emphatically. "Why, two farms wouldn't be a circumstance. The neighbors would have to put up fences to keep me from plowing their land. Somehow the little lady can give a fellow energy."

"If that's all you need, my friend," said Sam with a chuckle, we'll run up in the morning and make a call on the college. I'll keep the remainder of the ladies quiet while you entertain the fairest Rose. Is that the idea?"

And so it was, that the very next night found Keith Brown and Rose Grantley lost to the world in one corner of the college parlor, while Sam Williams and Nell Brady, in another corner, made rapid strides towards acquaintance.

"Why is it, Rose, that whenever I talk to you I am anxious to be at work? Why have you always inspired me to work?" Keith was asking, foolishly forgetting the four colleges and his past record. But, for some strange and providential reason, love has a convenient memory, and so Rose really believed that Keith was speaking the truth, and, be it said to his credit, Keith thought he was sincere.

"But aren't you working too hard, Keith?" she ventured, with an anxious pucker on her forehead. "Sometimes I get so worried thinking about you plowing, and—and the sun must be awfully hot. Don't you *hate* plowing, Keith?" she ended a little foolishly.

Keith squared his shoulders and looked at the huge bunch of red roses Rose was wearing. His eyes brightened, and a gleam of manly pride lighted his face as he said, "To tell you the truth, little girl, it feels good to know I can buy things for you with my own money. I'd be willing to plow forever if you but said the word. Six months on the farm hasn't been in vain, and I rather think my father realizes that fact, for he has turned the bank account over to me now."

Keith paused to note the effect his work had produced upon Rose, but she was very busy tying little knots in the corners of her handkerchief and would not look at him. He forgot that he was in the college parlor and that Sam and Nell were in the opposite corner; he forgot everything except that he loved Rose and that she *had* to listen to him.

"Rose, little girl—" he had taken her hands in his even in the moment that they were trying to make another knot in the tiny handkerchief. "Say,

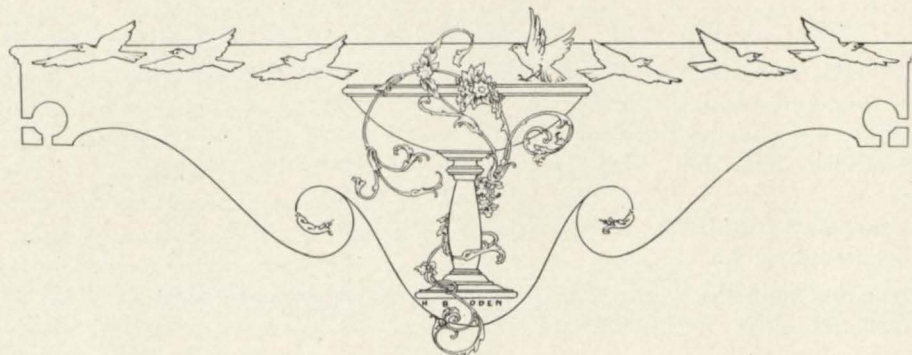
KU KLUX

Rose, I've been trying to prove my mettle and show you that I *could* work. Won't you trust me now, and don't you love me—enough to marry me?"

He had said it, and now he was afraid to look at Rose. When he did, he saw that there were tears in her eyes, those eyes that seemed made but for him to read their depths. Rose was making a hard fight with herself, but she was no coward, and she had been moved by the new look of strength in Keith's face. She felt that to do now as he asked would be but to disappoint the new Keith, and so, looking straight at him, determination and love each struggling for the mastery, she said simply, "Keith, I love you too well to do as you now ask. Let me first finish college and "prove my mettle."

Keith knew that she was sincere, and he was content.

ANNIE DICKEY, '13.





A Glimpse Into the Hereafter



So no one can be held responsible for what happens in a dream, I am going to relate one I had a few nights ago, and if anybody finds anything that does not please him in this narration, remember that I gave fair warning.

It seemed that I died and went to Heaven. Instead of St. Peter at the gate, however, our president, Mr. Jenkins, stood guard, and insisted that no one should enter the city who, upon leaving earth, had not provided himself with the noblest character that money could buy. With the same justice that he had always exercised in the days at Wesleyan, he willingly let me pass in.

Just inside the gate, I saw a group of girls talking excitedly, and I recognized them as members of my old Virgil class. When I inquired what the excitement was they asked, "Why, haven't you heard about Miss Mason and Mr. Forster?" Upon my answering in the negative, they said "Caesar was so pleased with their teaching of his language at Wesleyan that he has persuaded them to form a sort of triumvirate with him." "There is Mr. Forster now." Yes, it really was our old friend. He was acting as Caesar's body-guard, and saw that no one who had failed to master Freshman Latin should touch His Majesty's imperial toga.

After strolling around for a while, we saw Mrs. Hudgins. She did not seem to be enjoying her usual good health, and no wonder, when we learned what she had been through with. It seemed that Lucifer, hearing of her success in the culinary department at Wesleyan, insisted that she belonged to his kingdom. When told, however, that she had roasted meat and frozen cream in the same stove (a fireless cooker), Satan fell back appalled.

We were very sorry to hear of the ill fortune of three of our teachers. We feared that Mrs. Burks, Miss Lewis, and Mr. Graham would never enter Heaven, as they had been appointed such difficult tasks to perform before they could be admitted. Mrs. Burks' task was to record all the angry words that she had caused girls to say by refusing to let them entertain, sometimes their own, but oftener somebody else's, brother. Miss Lewis had to count the tears of all the girls she had failed, and Mr. Graham had to erase all the criticisms with which he had disfigured the themes of his classes.



Mr. Hinton passed near us, and it was with difficulty that we recognized him as our easy-going Math professor. Indeed, he looked like a familiar garment after a painful renovation. Some one explained to us that when he left earth, Mrs. Hinton, with loving care, had dressed him in the same clothes that he had worn when, as a boy, he had paid that eventful first-call, made that interesting (?) remark about "the-er- weather," and withdrawn. Knowing what a staunch supporter of Mr. Daniel Mr. Hinton had always been, we inquired from him as to our bachelor professor's whereabouts. Mr. Hinton sadly shook his head. "Girls," said he, "although we left earth together, he loitered on the wayside with a group of girls, still trying to get them to give him a date."

This was discouraging. We might have felt that Wesleyan was losing her reputation had we not just then learned of the success of Miss Bachman and Miss Grote, respectively. Everybody was so delighted with Miss Bachman's voice that it was a question of considerable dispute as to whether she or Gabriel should sound the trumpet on the final day. Miss Grote, on account of her popularity at Wesleyan, had been unanimously chosen to referee an "inter-celestial" basket-ball game.

I had never thought that envy could enter the walls of Paradise, but it evidently did; for what was my surprise to hear that the rest of the music teachers,—namely, Misses Lin, Greenup, White, Sharp, Bancroft, Emmert, Barnett, and Mrs. Shinholser, jealous of Miss Bachman's success, had organized a rag-time band and chosen Dr. Brown as their director.

Miss Tomlinson had usurped the place of the Recording Angel, and now she attended to the books, assisted by Miss Armand and Mrs. Posey.

As soon as we learned of Mr. Smith's arrival, we went to ask him about his scientific brother, Mr. Quillian. He told us, "I tried my best to sell Mr. Quillian a ticket, but he insisted that if he followed his manual carefully he would reach Heaven safely."

And here was Mrs. Comer! We evidently showed our surprise at seeing her there, but she said, shrugging her shoulders, "Oh, yes, I've been here quite a while. In fact, I came while St. Peter kept the gate. At first he didn't want to let me in because I corrected examination papers on Sunday, but when I told him about the time I danced with the Swedish Ambassador he apologized profusely."

We learned that Mrs. White had a hard time getting past His Satanic Majesty. He insisted that, as she had so many times cheated him out of his



rightful prey by doctoring the girls at Wesleyan, she now should suffer for her misdeeds. We asked her about Mrs. Powell, and she told us that everything was in such confusion when she left that our housekeeper would not leave until everything had been carefully put in order.

But what means this vast crowd? We approached nearer and saw a man whom we recognized as Solomon. He was descending from his lofty pedestal of wisdom, and, taking off his crown, he placed it on—yes, it *was* Mr. Rosser's head, and led him up the steps and seated him on his throne. Thousands marvelled at his thoughtful utterances, and all agreed that he rightfully deserved Solomon's place.

We wondered where our Special Teachers were—Misses Rivers and Wallace and Mrs. Long. We learned that Miss Wallace's eloquence had astonished even Demosthenese and Cicero, and that she was giving them lessons in oratory. Miss Rivers and Mrs. Long had been requested to gild all the harps and crowns that had rusted from both disuse and abuse.

But who is this familiar figure? We recognized our former teacher, Miss Hall, looking scarcely less happy than on that memorable night when she became Mrs. Hazard. But no wonder that she is so proudly happy. Mr. Hazard is receiving congratulations for having just completed a passage-way from Mars to Heaven—a most remarkable feat of engineering. Mrs. Hazard suggested that we cross over to Mars on this bridge, and we accepted her invitation. About midway of the bridge my foot slipped. I felt myself slipping, slowly slipping, downward, and awoke to the realization of the fact that I had better devote some of my waking hours to this same Faculty.

LILLIAN LEWIS, '15.



The Magic Picture



THE late afternoon sun had left the valleys and hillside meadows in purpling shadows and had centered its rays on the crest of an overlooking mountain. It reveled in the creamy-white blossoms of a clump of alien pear trees under which sat a boy of seventeen, and finally looked the youth straight in the eyes and aroused him from a painful reverie.

His eyes were full of discontent, and upon his features lay an expression of dejection. A basket rested on the ground nearby, patiently holding brushes, palette, and paints, which for hours had been untouched. The boy picked up the basket now and emptied its contents on the ground. There were two palettes before him. One was a small square of cedar which had been cut and planed with a jack-knife; the other was smooth-varnished and store-bought. There lay, also, whittled brushes and bottles and tin cans containing colored juices of herbs and berries which, in days but shortly past, had happily served the purpose of the young artist. On the other hand, here were new, store-bought palettes, brushes and paints which had lately been given to him along with tempting glimpses into the fields of Elysium—the distant cities, where dwelt great artists. The untutored boy-artist contrasted the materials before him and scorned, now, the crude cedar palette and brushes which had formerly been his joy. He no longer found it possible to produce beautiful colors with the berry juices. Yet it was with these, his own productions, that his pictures, the glory and pride of his mother, had been painted.

At the thought of his fond and gentle mother, the boy's gaze wandered to the valley below, where nestled a small cabin with surrounding gardens, alone on the hillside meadow. The distant figure of a woman could be seen gliding about among the flowers in the garden, and at sight of her the boy groaned miserably and turned his back upon the cabin. Far down the mountain, in the opposite direction, he could see a shack, the doors and windows of which were hung with skins of animals. There dwelt the boy's tempters; there dwelt the disturbers of his happy, care-free life, though they were the givers of the store-bought paints.

These givers were men who had come from the city to spend weeks in the mountains hunting. They had come across the boy, sitting on the mountain

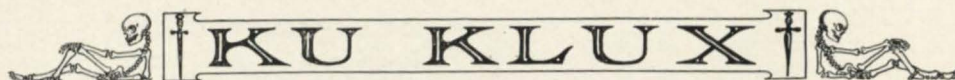


sides, in the valley, or beside a brook, painting—always painting. They had been guided by him about the mountain, had been saved from danger through his warning, and they had come to like him. It was when they had discovered the artist in the boy that they invited him to their shack and told him alluring tales and facts about the city. They gave him a vision of himself exalted among fellow-artists in a great city. Each time he left them, the boy went away from the shack asking himself why he could not go now—this day—out of the mountains and begin a life of fame. And each time the barrier of poverty rose higher before him. Money had never meant anything more than a name to him before. Now, it was fast becoming an idol. He became discontented and thought of nothing but how he might obtain enough money to take him to the nearest city. He knew nothing of the fact that his unselfish widowed mother had been toiling and jealously saving money for years in order that she might send her son to the city to become a great artist. And her task was almost finished. She grew happier each day, and would soon tell her boy of her plans.

But the boy sitting upon the mountain top grew more discontented every minute. He had no ears now for his former friends, the quails, gleaning in the stubble of freshly-cut grain, and whistling from the zigzag fences around him. And the gold-tinted clover blossoms no longer stirred his artist soul. He looked toward the shack where the hunters were moving about in preparation for a night's hunt, and made a resolution. Thereupon he got up and moved further down the mountain side out of sight of his mother's little cabin, and nearer the hunter's shack. With bowed head and set face the boy descended the mountain until he came to a grassy plot from which he could see every movement of the hunters and the whole interior of the shack. Here he threw himself on the ground to wait the departure of the hunters, and laid his simple plans.

A bag of money, more money than the boy had ever seen before, was kept by the hunters in a gun-case on the wall of the shack. The boy had seen them take it out of its hiding-place many a time, but it had never seemed within his reach before. How easy it would be, he now reflected, to slip into the shack when the hunters left, take the bag of money and flee to the city! With a pang he thought of his mother, but he told himself that he would soon be famous, and rich enough to come back and get her.

He had brought the picture down from the mountain—the one which the hunters had said would serve him as a pass in the great studio. He set it up



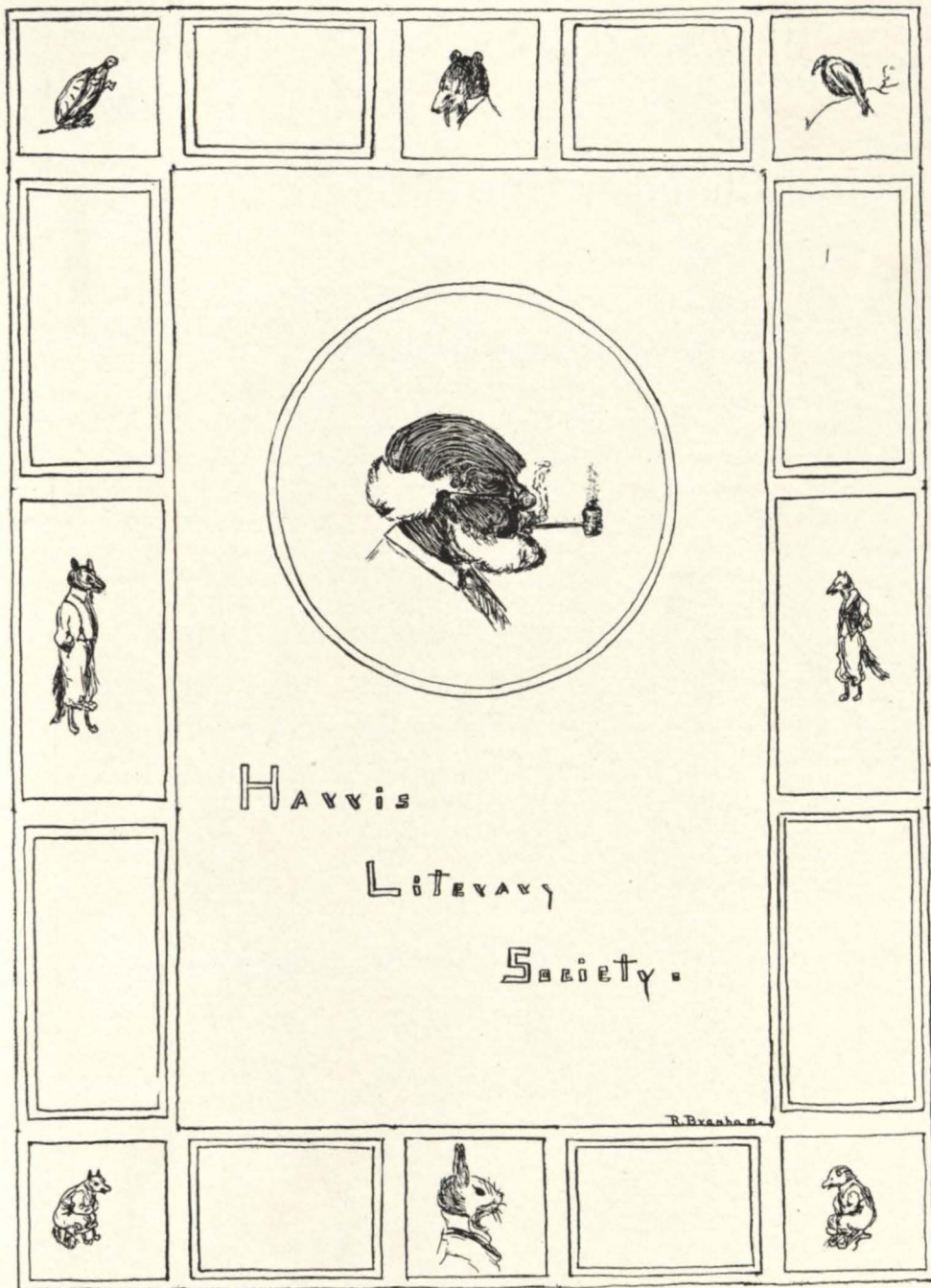
before him and sprawled out on the grass. His plans were laid in detail now, and he would not have to wait long for the hunters to leave, for it was getting dark. The boy closed his eyes to dream of the bright future before him, but the world would not seem to take on the veil of illusion and hope as formerly.

The moon rose over the mountain and flooded the valley with a pale white light. It touched the picture on the grass caressingly, and under its rays the figures thereon became living things. Smoke curled from the chimney of the little cabin and a sweet-faced woman was tending flowers on the porch before it. There, was peace and love. But the boy looked toward the shack whence came a loud hissing, spurning sound. Out of the doorway came a shining figure. It jingled with every step, and hastened up the mountain side. As it neared the boy he saw that it was a white sack, walking on stilts. It brushed past him and its touch burnt him. Now it stopped before the cabin, jumped off the stilts and, with a jingle and mighty hiss, burst out in flames and hurled them at the woman on the porch. She uttered no cry, but with a look of despair and pain sank in the white flames. The fire-spirit danced and jingled with a hissing laugh, while he watched his work.

A groan fell from the lips of the boy. The light of the flames blinded him and he put his hands over his eyes. When he took them away, all was quiet. He looked toward the shack. It was empty and the hunters were gone. Then he turned to the picture beside him. The moonlight lay white upon it, and a smiling woman beckoned him from the porch.

"I am coming, mother, never to stray so far from you again," cried the boy, picking up the picture. And with a shudder he turned his back upon the shack, and hastened over the mountain, homeward.

ANNE CUNNINGHAM, '13.

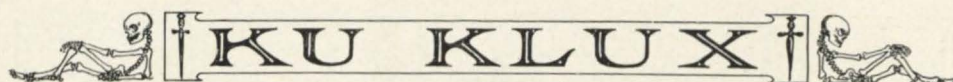


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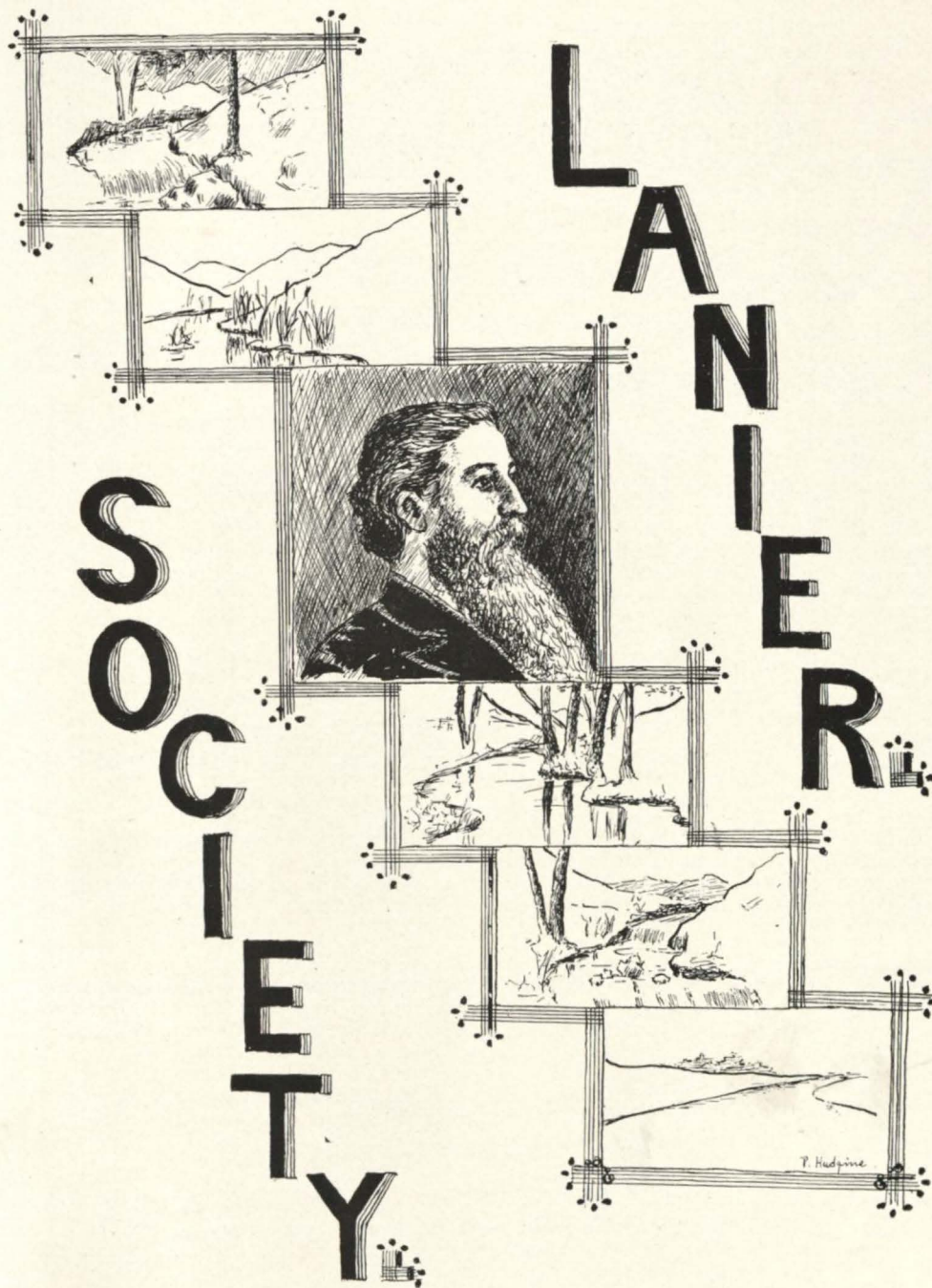
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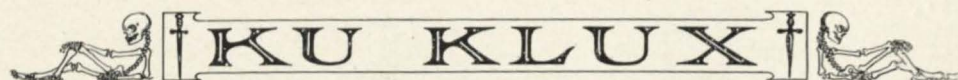
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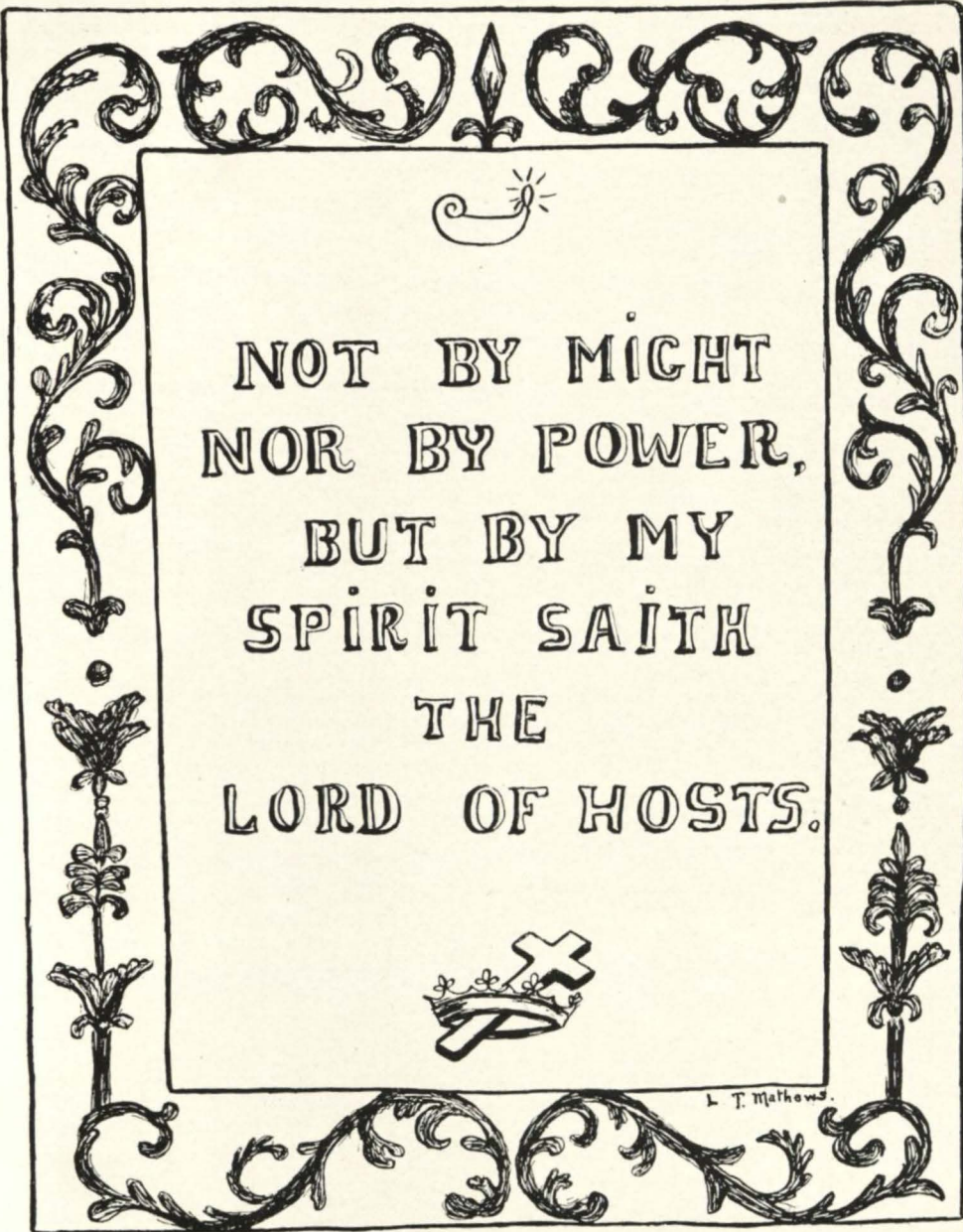
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NOT BY MIGHT
NOR BY POWER,
BUT BY MY
SPIRIT SAITH
THE
LORD OF HOSTS.



L. T. Mathews.



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GLADYS SHEPPARD.....	CHAIRMAN OF SOCIAL COMMITTEE
MARY STARR.....	CHAIRMAN OF MUSIC COMMITTEE
HELEN WHITE.....	CHAIRMAN OF POSTER COMMITTEE
ANNIE MARCHMAN.....	CHAIRMAN OF INFORMATION COMMITTEE
EVELYN CRANFORD.....	CHAIRMAN OF MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Sketch of Y. W. C. A. Work at Wesleyan

Aim: To bring girls to Christ; to train up girls in Christ;
to send out girls for Christ.

The Young Women's Christian Association is a very active force in the College. It endeavors to include in its membership every girl in the College household; to make the religious life of vital importance and interest to each one of them while in school, and to send them out to bless and enrich the world.

Regular vesper services, led by different members of the Association, are held each evening in the Y. W. C. A. Hall; and besides these, special programs are arranged for Saturday evenings and for any special occasion, such as Thanksgiving. One Saturday evening in each month is given to the Missionary Society, and one in each quarter to the Temperance Committee, a department just recently introduced into the Young Women's Christian Association.

There is also a social side to the work, the purpose of which is to make the College life brighter and happier; to help the new girls especially to learn to feel at home in the College, and to help all the girls to know each other better. To accomplish this purpose, informal affairs, to which all are invited, are always held soon after the opening of the school, and then, occasionally, at other times during the year. The Cabinet meets regularly each Sunday evening to plan for the work and to discuss any matters of interest to the Association. At these meetings reports from the various committees are heard, and God's blessing and guidance in the work are asked.



Missionary Society

Aim: To get every girl interested in missions, through mission study and talks of great mission leaders.

OFFICERS

HATTIE STUBBS.....	PRESIDENT
RUTH SHELTON.....	FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
ELOISE COOPER.....	SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
ANITA MORGAN.....	THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT
FLOYE POWELL.....	TREASURER
JOHNNIE ATKINSON.....	RECORDING SECRETARY
WRAY CHESTER.....	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY



Student Government Association

Student government at Wesleyan is still in its infancy, the date of its birth being January, 1912. In this short time, however, marked advancement in the organization and spirit of the association has been made, and Wesleyan will in the near future, we believe, have an exemplary Student Government.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

CHRISTINE BRYAN	PRESIDENT
THEODORA ATKINSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
JOHNNIE ATKINSON	SECRETARY
MARY QUILLIAN	TREASURER
THERESA HODGES }	SENIOR REPRESENTATIVES
HATTIE STUBBS }	
ELOISE COOPER }	JUNIOR REPRESENTATIVES
SUSIE BROWN }	
ELEANOR ATKINSON	SOPHOMORE REPRESENTATIVE
HARRIET ROBESON	FRESHMAN REPRESENTATIVE
ANNIE LAURIE FEAGIN }	SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES
BIDDIE HORKAN }	

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

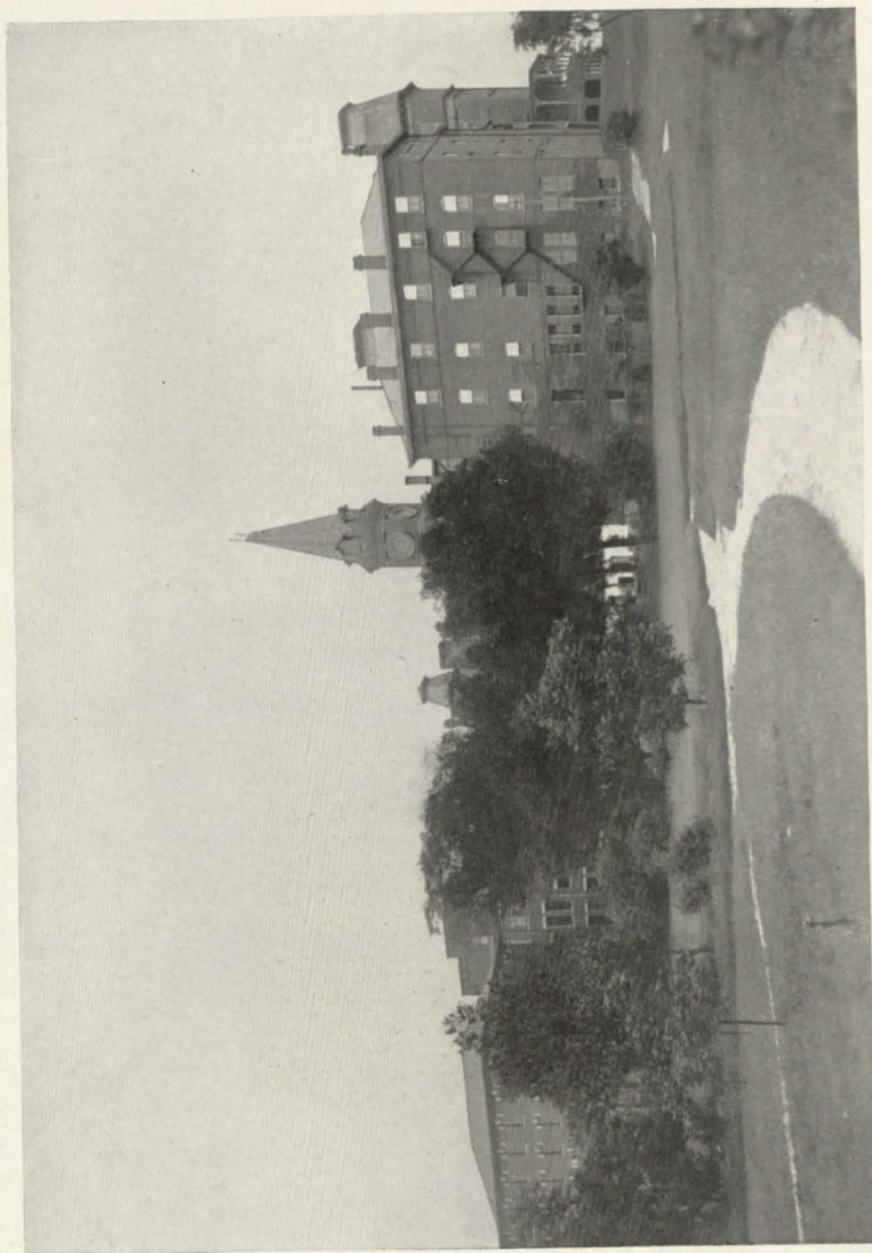
C. R. JENKINS, *President.*

MRS. F. C. WHITE

PROF. J. C. HINTON



EXECUTIVE COUNCIL



CAMPUS VIEW OF THREE BUILDINGS



Edw. H. H. '13
Copy

[K U K L U X]



The Champions

BASKET-BALL

BARROW
McRAE
MELTON
RAMBO
BAKER
McDONALD

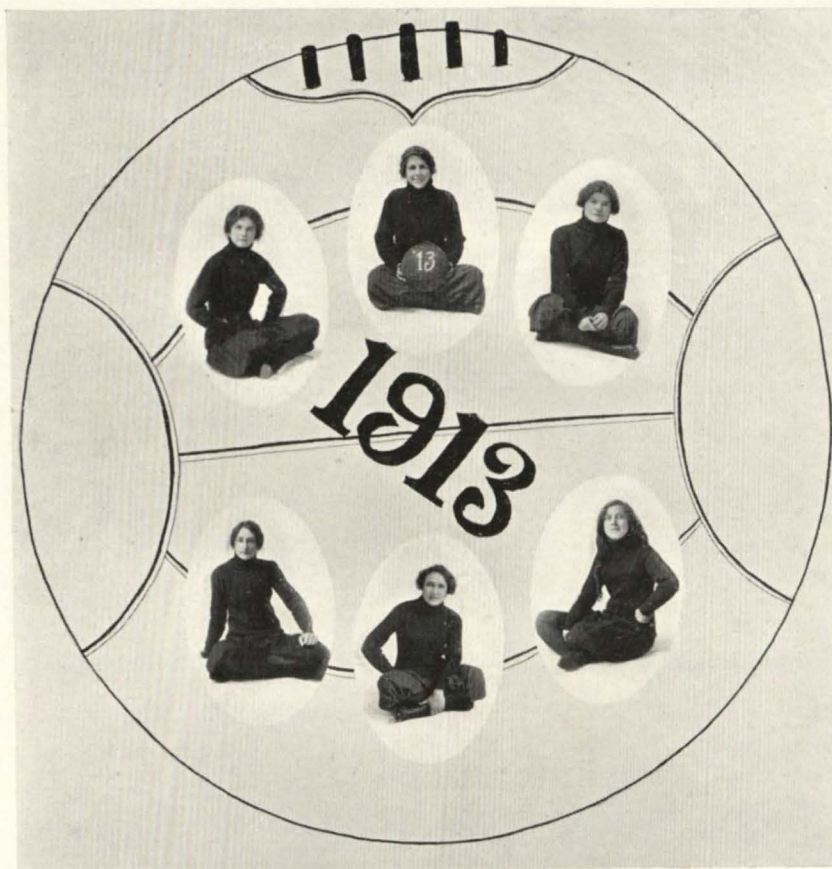
1909-10-11-12-13

Motto: "Never been beat."

TENNIS

SINGLES

BRANHAM, '13
HOLDER, '14
DYAL, '15
STARR, '13
ROBESON, '14
McRAE, '15
LIDELL, '15



Senior Basket-Ball Team

EMMA MAY RAMBO, *Captain*

MARIE BARROW, Forward

EMILY MELTON, Forward

KATHLEEN McRAE, Center

EMMA MAY RAMBO, Guard

IRENE McDONALD, Guard

LEO BAKER, Center

KU KLUX



Senior Scrub Team

WRAY CHESTER, *Captain*

MINNIE McMICHAEL, Forward

WRAY CHESTER, Guard

WILLANNE GURR, Forward

HATTIE STUBBS, Guard

ANNIE LOU HARDY, Center

ETHEL GARDNER, Center

RUBY LEE MCKINNEY, Substitute

MARY STARR, Referee

KU KLUX



Junior Basket-Ball Team

FLOYE POWELL, *Captain*

HELEN WHITE, Forward

FLOYE POWELL, Guard

VERA BOND, Forward

KATHLEEN HOLDER, Guard

LUCILE FLOURNOY, Center

MARY ROBESON, Center

ANNIE MARCHMAN, Substitute



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

ISABELLE McRAE, *Captain*

ISABELLE McRAE, Forward

MAE TAYLOR, Guard

ANNIE LOIS STOWE, Forward

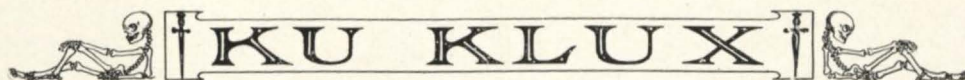
ANITA MORGAN, Guard

NORMA DYAL, Center

LEOLA MILLER, Center

CATHERINE HOLMES, Substitute

MARY QUILLIAN, Substitute



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

MINNIE BROWN, HENDERSON, *Captain*

ANNIE PET POWELL, Forward

CALLIE HALE, Guard

HELEN BRYAN, Forward

NANNIE POTTS, Guard

ALTHEA EXLEY, Center

MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON, Center

IDA MUNRO, Substitute



Sub-Freshman Basket-Ball Team

OLIVE DE FOOR, *Captain*

MARGARET FERRILL, Forward

MILDRED SLOAN, Forward

SADIE LANGDALE, Center

PATSY HUFF, Guard

MAGGIE MAE SCOTT, Guard

OLIVE DE FOOR, Center

KU KLUX



Special Basket-Ball Team

ANNIE BESS OUTLER, *Captain*

MARY DUDLEY FORT, Forward

HELEN BETHEA, Guard

ANNIE BESS OUTLER, Forward

BERTHA EDGE, Guard

EUNICE LOTT, Center

RUTH JOHNS, Center

ANNIE AMES, Substitute



Senior Tennis Club

LEO BAKER

REBECCA BRANHAM

ETHEL GARDNER

WILLANNE GURR

KATHLEEN McRAE

ANNIE LOU HARDY

CHUNG LING SOONG

MARIE BARROW

CHRISTINE BRYAN

THERESA HODGES

EMILY MELTON

MINNIE McMICHAEL

VIRGINIA FRASER



Junior Tennis Club

KATHLEEN HOLDER, *Manager*

THEODORA ATKINSON

VERA BOND

ELOISE COOPER

CADE COGGINS

EMMA DREW

LUCILE FLOURNOY

KATHLEEN HOLDER

EVELYN WRIGHT

ANNIE MARCHMAN

FLOYE POWELL

MARY ROBESON

GLADYS SHEPPARD

HELEN WHITE

GENEVIEVE WHITE

K U K L U X



Sophomore Tennis Club

Motto: "Love All."

MARY QUILLIAN

LEOLA MILLER

NORMA DYAL

ANITA MORGAN

LOLA LIDELL

MOZELLE TUMLIN

ISABELLE MC RAE

LUCY MOBLEY

EVELYN BETTS

ANNIE LOIS STOWE

MAE TAYLOR

K U K L U X



Freshman Tennis Club

LOLLIE BELLE ERNEST

RUTH BEANE

RUTH WHITE

ELIZABETH MC MASTER

ESTHER FLANDERS

IDA MUNROE

NANNIE POTTS

WILLIE BELLE ROGERS

MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON

LOUIE PEEPLES

EDWINA TEASLEY

LIDA FRANKLIN

RACHEL COWART

MAY LING SOONG

ANNIE PET POWELL

KU KLUX



Sub-Freshman Tennis Club

OLIVE DE FOOR

LEILA LEGG

MARY LANE

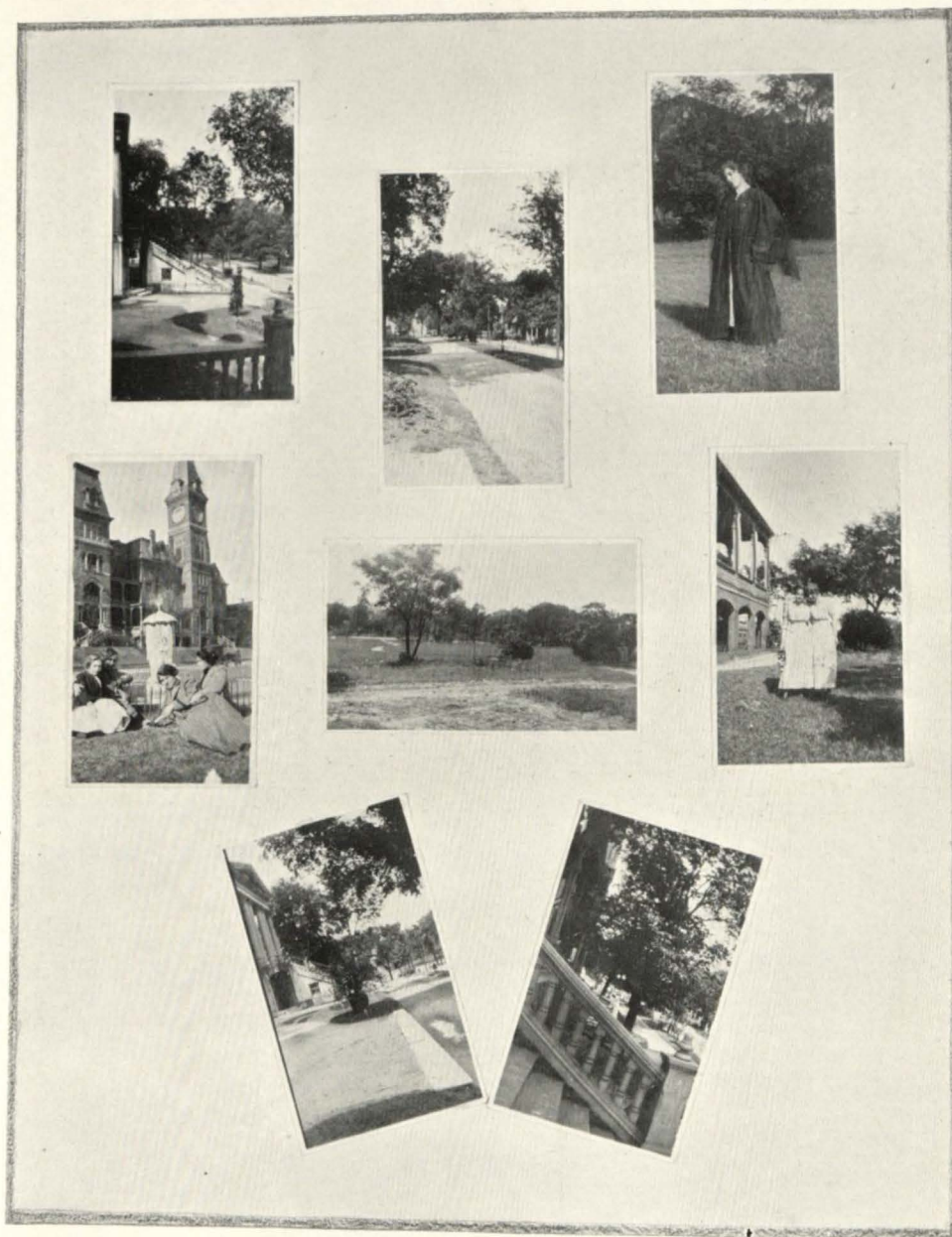
MILDRED SLOAN

MAGGIE MAE SCOTT

ETHEL BUTNER

CARRIE OLIVER

ADALINE SMALL



SCENES AT WESLEYAN



Art Class

AMES, ANNIE

ALMOND, LOULIE

BROOKS, WINNIFRED

CAMP, IRMA

FREEMAN, LOUISE

FRANKLIN, JULIA

FLAKE, ANNIE LAURIE

FINNEY, MILDRED

HUDGINS, PEARL

MARSHALL, CARRIE BELL

MURRAY, ALICE

MUNROE, IDA

MARSHBURN, MARIE

OLIVER, CATHERINE

RIVES, NANNALINE

SMITH, GEORGIA

SIMPSON, ANNA B.

SCONYERS, MARION

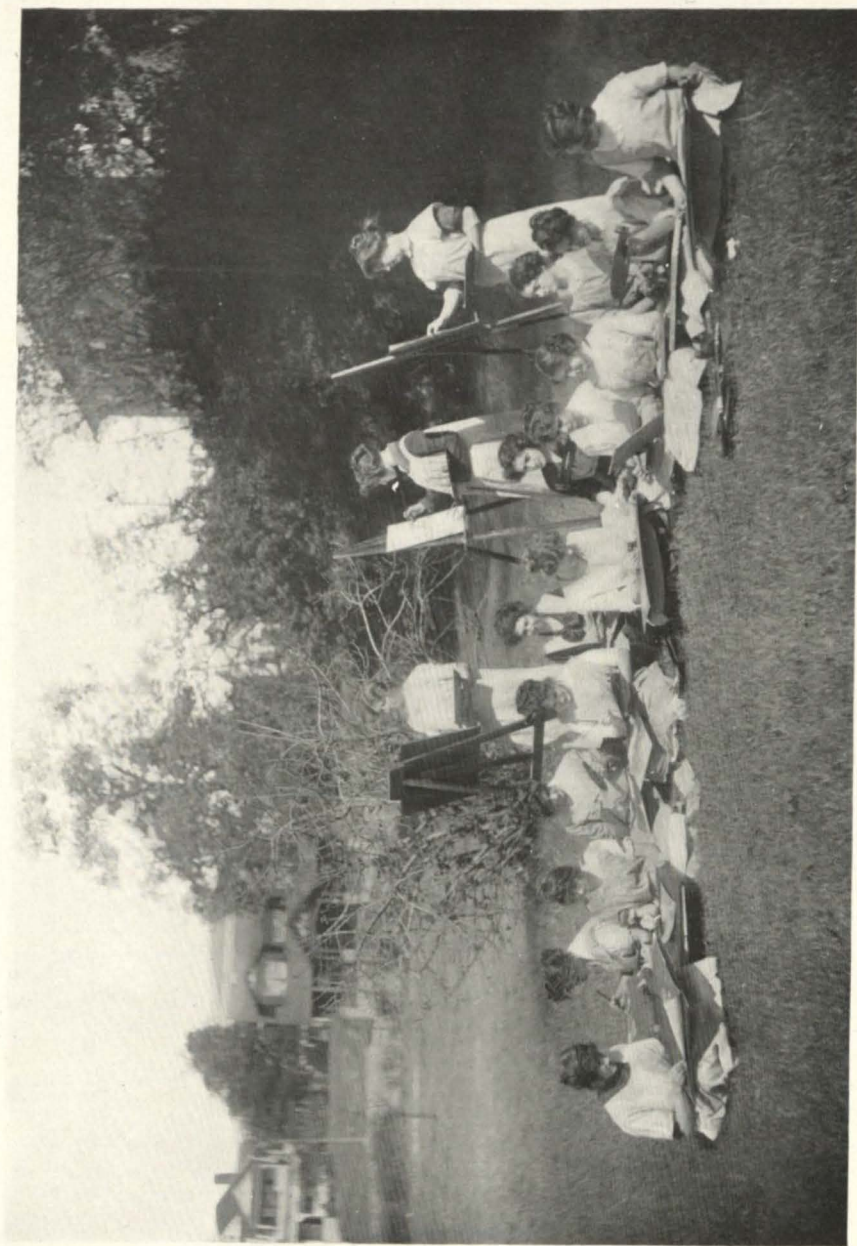
STOWE, ANNIE LOIS

TAYLOR, ANN

TAYLOR, MATTIE SUE

WETHERELL, LOUISE

WHITFIELD, KATHERINE



ART CLASS



Ceramic Art Class

LEUNA BASKIN

WINNIFRED BROOKS

JAMIE BACHMAN

IRMA CAMP

MATTIE LOU CHAPMAN

MRS. C. R. JENKINS

BIDDIE HORKAN

LEOLA MILLER

HELEN McCRARY

NANNALINE RIVES

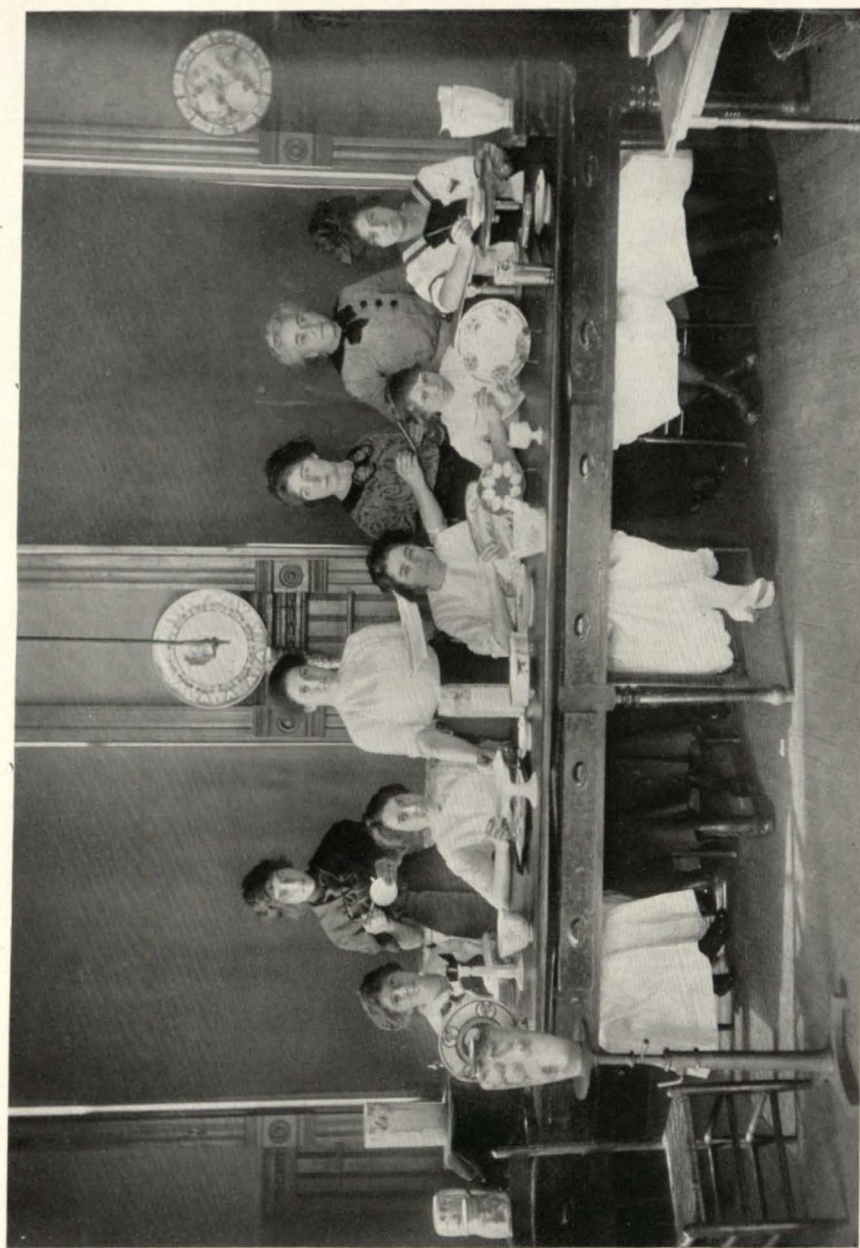
GLADYS SLAPPEY

ANNA BELL SIMPSON

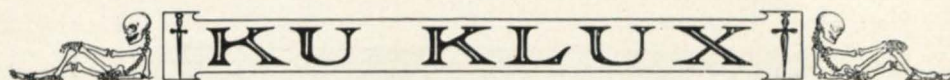
MATTIE SUE TAYLOR

SARAH TINSLEY

JANETTE WESCOTT



CLASS IN CHINA PAINTING



Thespian Dramatic Club

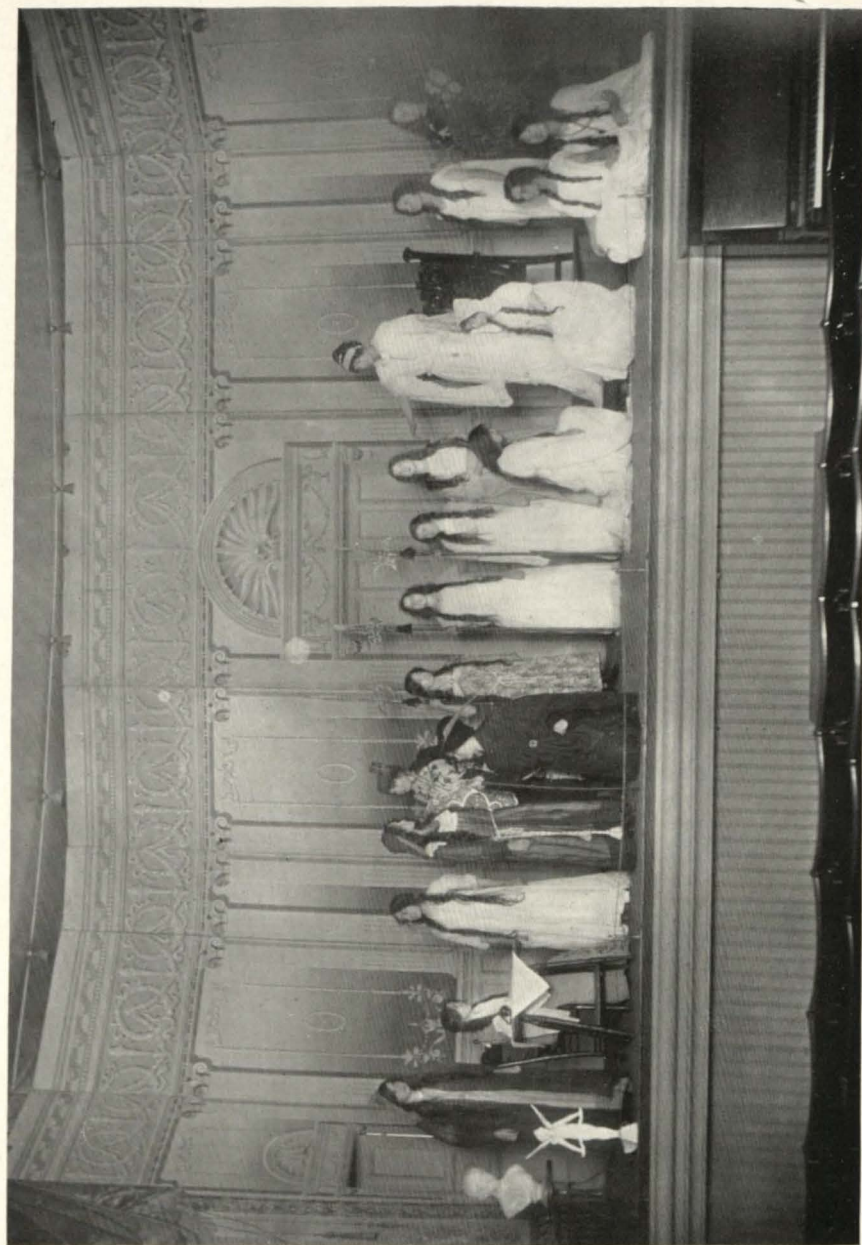
*"Aim to make life the finest of the fine arts may be general to all.
It is the greater of which every particular art is the lesser."*

OFFICERS

MARIAN SCONYERS.....	PRESIDENT
RUTH RADFORD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FRANCES HOLDEN.....	SECRETARY
RUTH SHELTON.....	TREASURER
ILAH POLHILL.....	REPORTER
MISS ANNE C. WALLACE.....	ADVISOR

MEMBERS

ACKERMAN, MARGARET	MURRAY, ALICE
BOWDRE, ANNE TOWNSEND	OLIVER, EDNA
CURRIE, ANNA	PRIDGEN, MABEL
CUNNINGHAM, EUNICE	POLHILL, ILAH
COTTER, ESSIE	REYNOLDS, HELEN
DUNBAR, BIRDIE	RADFORD, RUTH
EDGE, BERTHA	RIVES, NANNALINE
EVANS, MAIDEE	RUCKER, RUTH
FAUCETTE, RUBY	SCONYERS, MARION
FRANKLIN, JULIA	SHELTON, RUTH
HOLDEN, FRANCES	THORPE, MARION
HOLMES, CATHERINE	TAYLOR, ANNE
JOHNSON, MRS. MAUDE	VICKERS, ELSIE
KILGORE, MARY	WILKES, FRANCES
LOTT, EUNICE	WISE, IOLA
WHITFIELD, KATHERINE	



THESPIAN DRAMATIC CLUB



Conservatory Club

OFFICERS

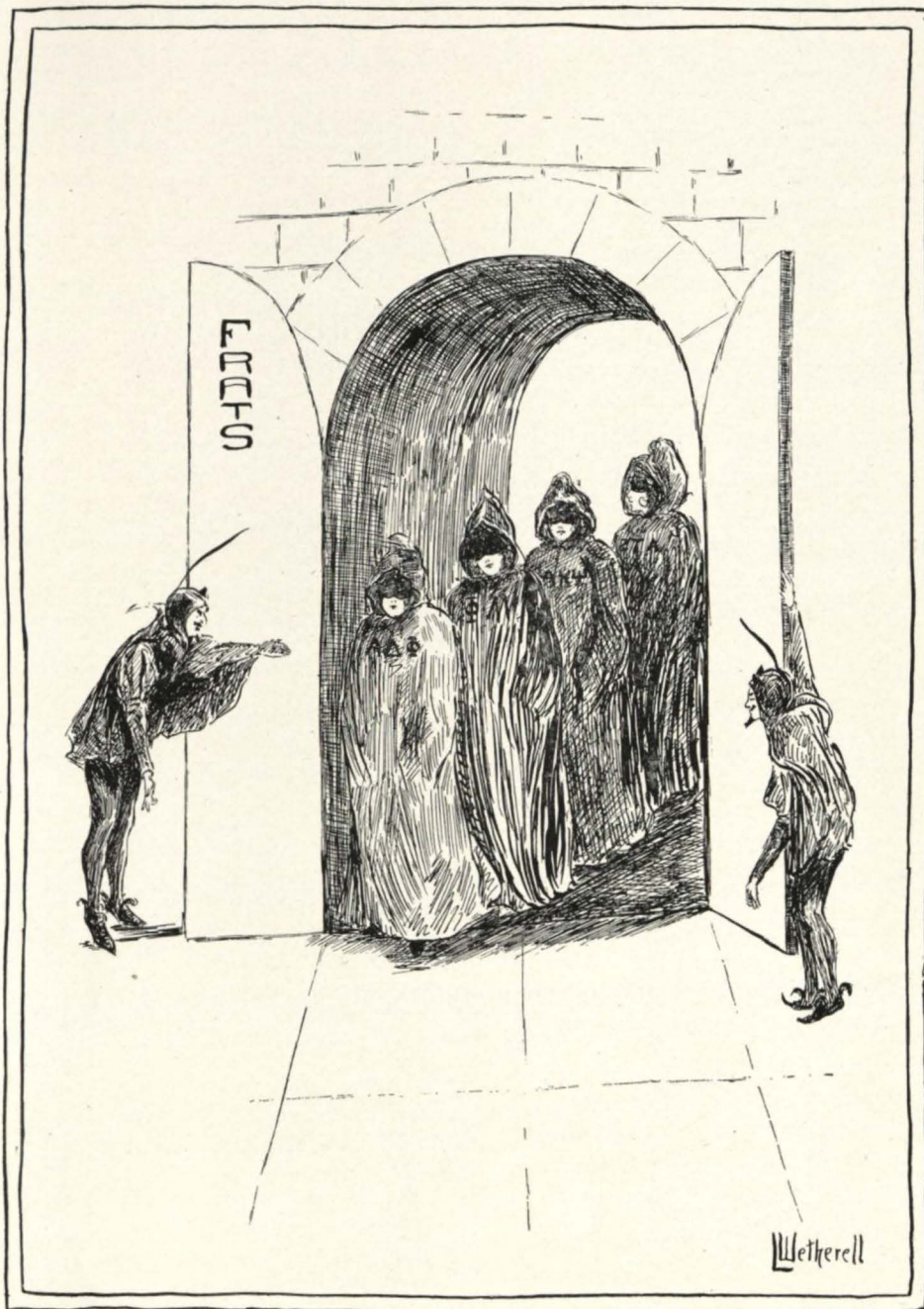
EVELYN CRANFORD	PRESIDENT
MARIE BARROW	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELLA BESS McMICHAEL	SECRETARY
GLADYS OUSLEY	TREASURER
BIDDIE HORKAN	REPORTER
MARY FORT	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

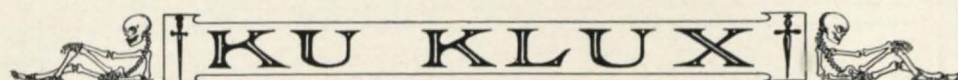
MEMBERS

BARROW, MARIE	JOHNS, VIRGINIA
BRANHAM, HELEN	JAMES, LUCILE
BRYAN, CHRISTINE	LEGG, NELLIE
CALLAWAY, LOUISE	MEANS, IRMA
COLEMAN, EMMIE	MERRITT, MARIE
CRAIG, MARY WESLEY	MOORE, ONA
CRANFORD, EVELYN	McKENZIE, MILDRED
DAVIS, JUANITA	McMICHAEL, MINNIE
FERRILL, ELEANOR	McMICHAEL, ELLA BESS
FORT, MARY	OUSLEY, GLADYS
FRENCH, VERA	OUTLER, ANNIE BESS
GOODYN, JULIA	POLHILL, ILAH
GURR, WILLANNE	POLHILL, KATHERINE
HERRING, FANNIE HILL	QUINKER, ANNIE
HAMILTON, HAZEL	RHODES, SADIE
HATCHER, LOIS	ROBERTSON, HENRIETTA
HORKAN, BIDDIE	REEVES, MRS.
HUGHES, GEORGIA	REYNOLDS, HELEN
HODGES, EDNA	STONE, GLADYS
JENKINS, ELOISE	WISE, IOLA



CONSERVATORY CLUB





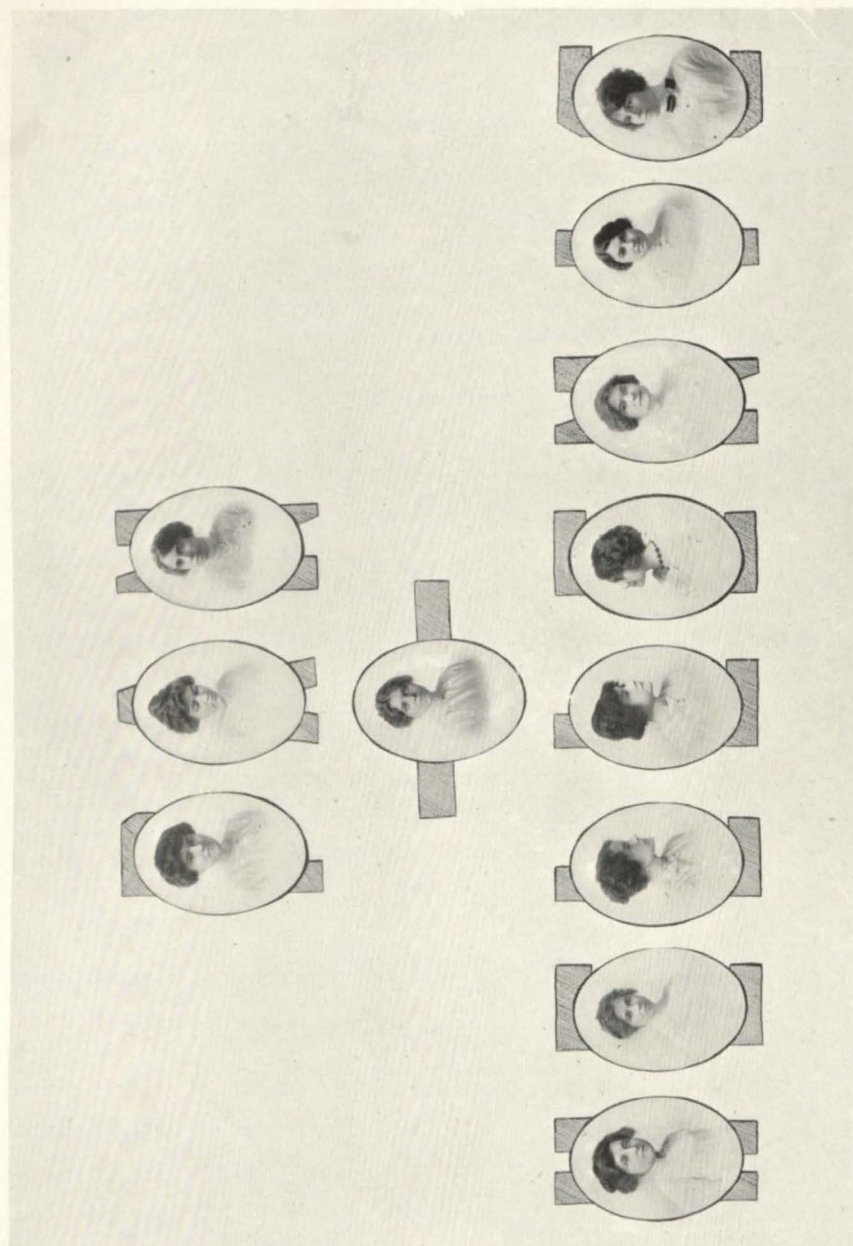
Pan-Hellenic Council

OFFICERS

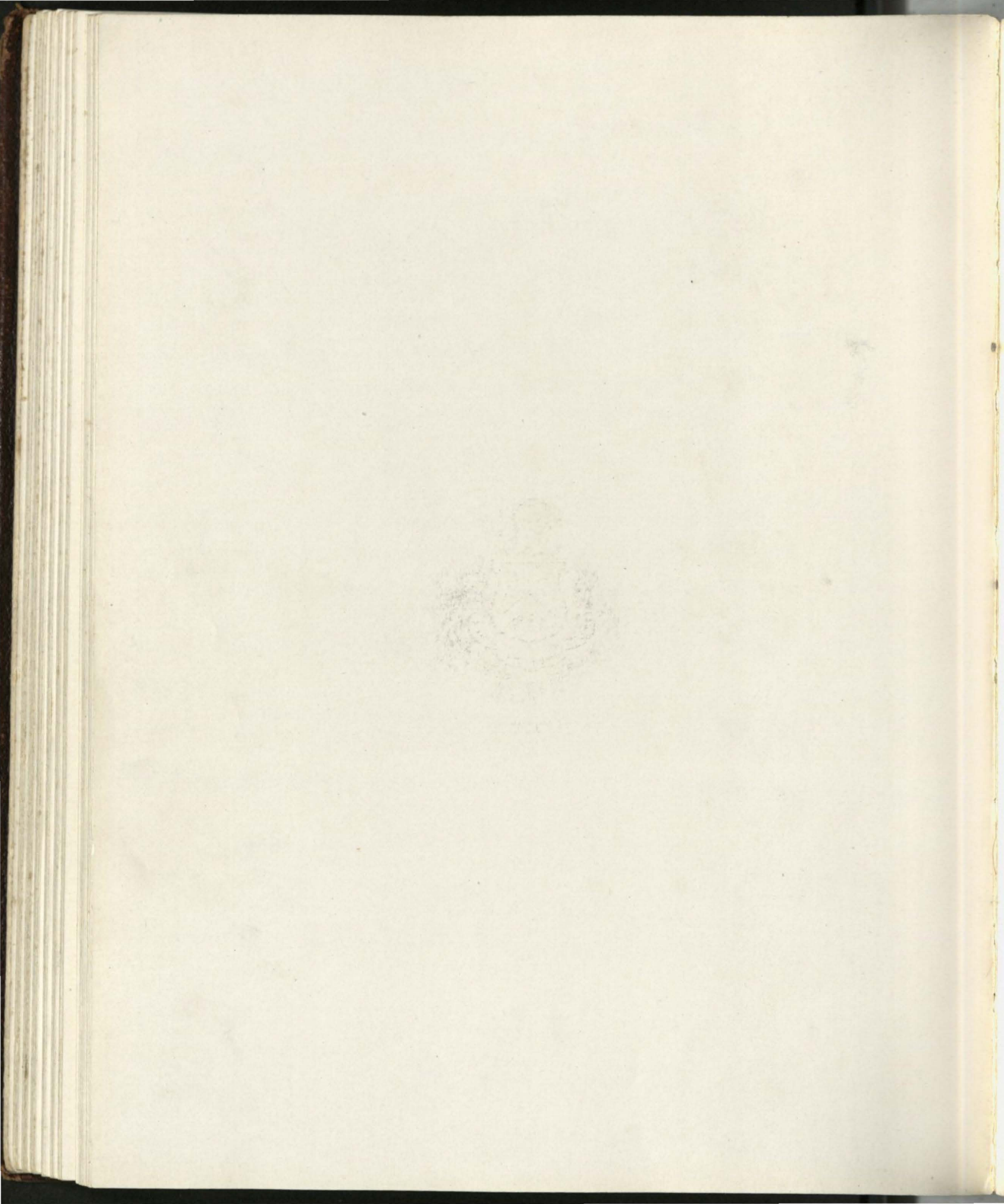
KATHARINE CARNES.....	CHAIRMAN
ELIZABETH BAKER	VICE-CHAIRMAN
THEODORA ATKINSON.....	SECRETARY

MEMBERS

CORNELIA ADAMS, Φ Μ
THEODORA ATKINSON, Α Δ Φ
ELIZABETH BAKER, Α Δ Φ
LEO BAKER, Ζ Τ Α
CHRISTINE BRYAN, Φ Μ
KATHARINE CARNES, Φ Μ
WRAY CHESTER, Ζ Τ Α
NELIA DAMOUR, Α Δ Φ
LUCILE FLOURNOY, Ζ Τ Α
ANNIE LOU HARDY, Α Κ Ψ
MARTHA RILEY, Α Κ Ψ
MARY STARR, Α Κ Ψ



PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL





Edw. H. H. H.
3529



Alpha Delta Phi

Founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., as Adelphean Society, May 15, 1851. Chartered as Alpha Delta Phi in 1904.

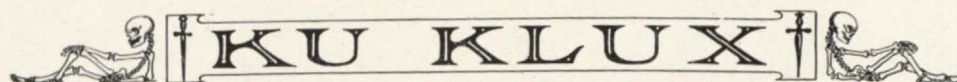
Colors: Blue and White.

Flower: Violet.

Open Motto: We live for each other.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Alpha</i>	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
<i>Delta</i>	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
<i>Epsilon</i>	"Newcomb College" Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
<i>Zeta</i>	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
<i>Iota</i>	State College for Women, Tallahassee, Fla.
<i>Kappa</i>	Judson College, Marion, Ala.
<i>Lambda</i>	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
<i>Mu</i>	Women's College of Alabama, Montgomery, Ala.
<i>Nu</i>	Randolph-Macon Woman's College, College Park, Va.
<i>Omicron</i>	Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
<i>Pi</i>	Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.
<i>Rho</i>	Boston University, Boston, Mass.
<i>Sigma</i>	University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
<i>Tau</i>	University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
<i>Upsilon</i>	Washington State College, Sullneace, Wash.



Alpha Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi

SISTERS ON THE FACULTY

MRS. M. M. BURKS MISS PAULINE BACHMAN
MISS BETTIE LOU WHITE MISS NEWEL MASON

CHAPTER ROLL

1913
REBECCA BRANHAM
ELIZABETH BAKER
ANNIE DICKEY
VIRGINIA FRASER
ANNIE GANTT
EMILY MELTON
ELLA BESS McMICHEAL
MINNIE McMICHEAL

1914
THEODORA ATKINSON
ELOISE COOPER
NELIA DAMOUR
KATHLEEN HOLDEN
EVELYN WRIGHT

1915
JESSIE DICKEY
FLORENCE PRINGLE

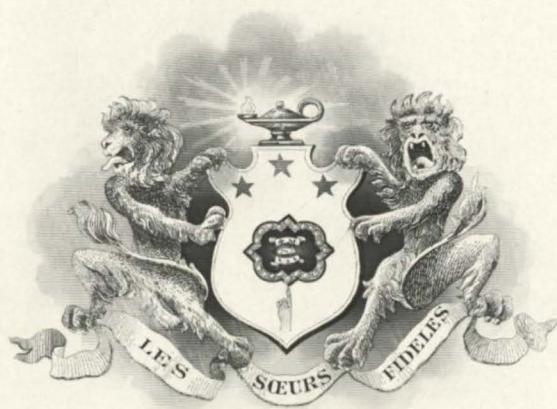
1916
IDA MUNROE
ELIZABETH McMASTER
WEETA WATTS
LALEAH WIGHT
ROSA WOOTEN

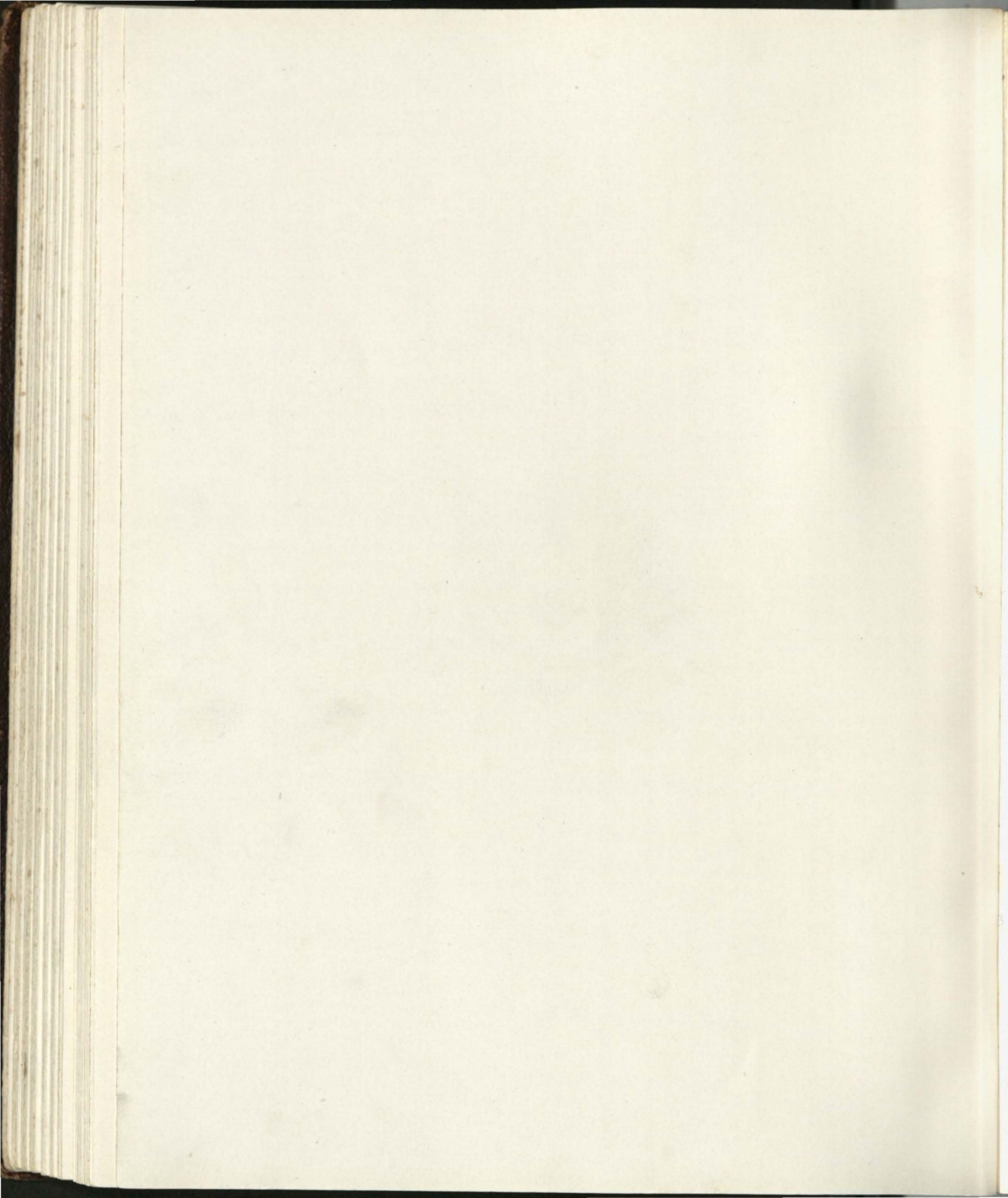
1917
OLIVE DE FOOR
LEILA LEGG
ADELINE SMALL

SPECIALS
MARGARET AKERMAN
RUTH BROWN
SARA CANNON
JULIA FRANKLIN
MARGIE LINDER
RUTH SMITH
KATHLEEN WALKER



ALPHA DELTA PHI







Phi Mu

Founded at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., as the Philomathean Society, March 4, 1852.

Chartered as Phi Mu, August 23, 1904.

Colors: Rose and White.

Flower: Rose Carnation.

Open Motto: Les sœurs fideles.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Alpha</i> —1852.....	Wesleyan, Macon, Ga.
<i>Beta</i> —1904.....	Hollins, Hollins, Texas.
<i>Delta</i> —1906.....	Newcomb College (Tulane University), New Orleans, La.
<i>Eta</i> —1907.....	Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
<i>Kappa</i> —1908.....	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
<i>Xi Kappa</i> —1908.....	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
<i>Mu</i> —1910.....	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
<i>Lambda</i> —1911.....	Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.
<i>Omicron</i> —1912.....	Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.
<i>Pi</i> —1912.....	University of Maine, Orono, Me.



Alpha Chapter of Phi Mu

SISTER ON FACULTY

MRS. COMER

1913

ADAMS, CORNELIA
BENTON, LUCY
BRYAN, CHRISTINE
CARNES, KATHARINE
CRANFORD, EVELYN
CUNNINGHAM, ANNE
HODGES, THERESA
OUSLEY, GLADYS

1914

BOND, VERA
BROWN, SUSIE
COGGINS, CADE
HERRING, FANNIE HILL
SHEPPARD, GLADYS

1915

BISHOP, ROSE
KNIGHT, CAROLINE

1916

BEANE, RUTH
CONEY, SARA LEE
ERNEST, LOLLIE BELL
HENDERSON, MINNIE BROWN
STEELE, MARY
TEASLEY, EDWINA
WEBSTER, SARA

1917

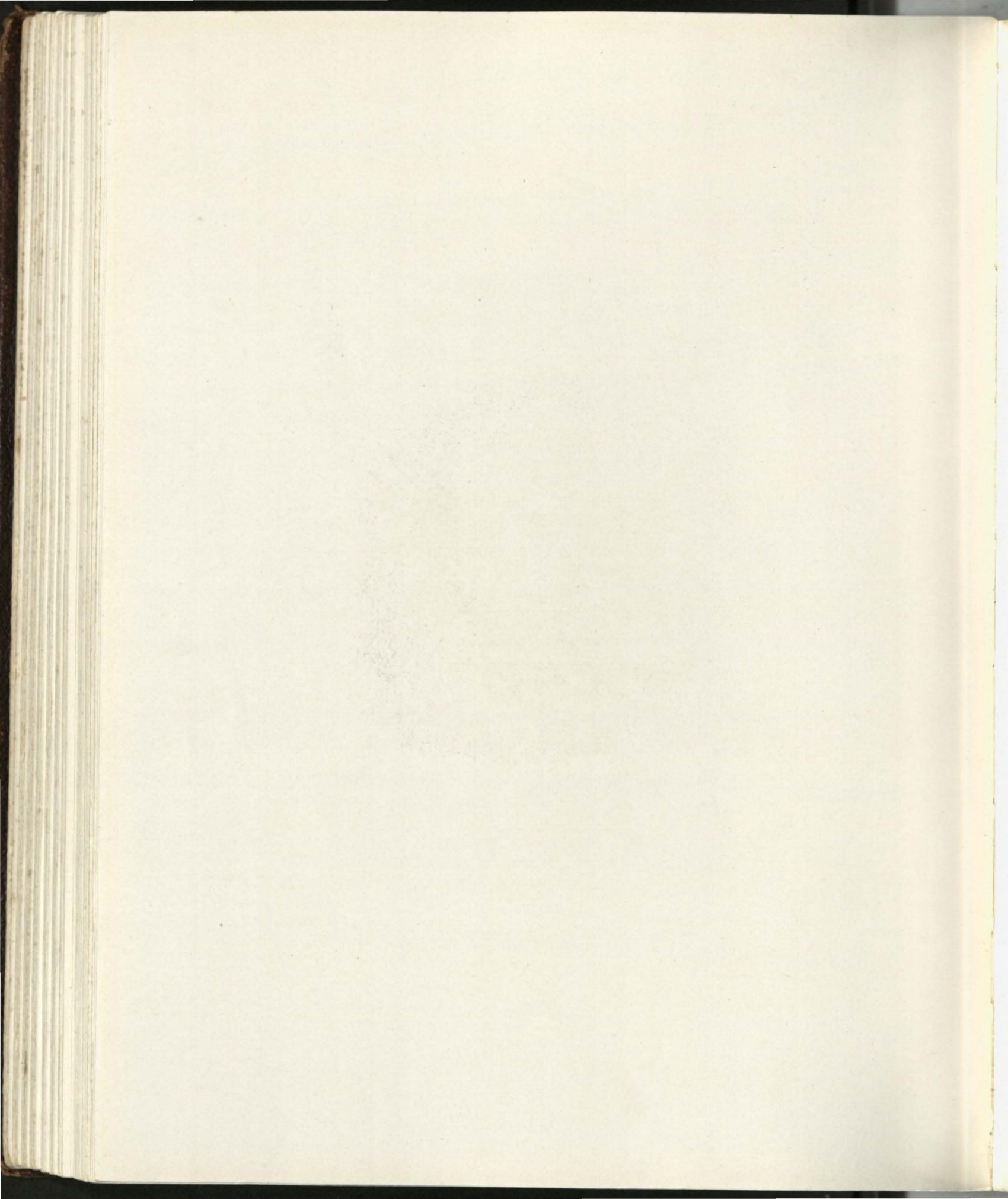
DOUGLAS, DRUSILLA
FERRELL, MARGARET
LANE, MARY

SPECIALS

ACREE, KATHLEEN
ADAMS, RUTH
BOWDRY, ANNE T.
BRANHAM, HELEN
COGGINS, AGNES
EASTERLIN, LUCILE
ESTES, CLAUDE
FERRELL, ELEANOR
FORT, MARY DUDLEY
HEATH, EMILY
HODGES, EDNA
MALLORY, BLANCHE
MCCORD, MARY
MCKENZIE, MILDRED
PEEPLES, LOUIE
POLHILL, CATHERINE
ROSS, BELLE
SLAPPEY, GLADYS
STONE, GLADYS
WISE, IOLA

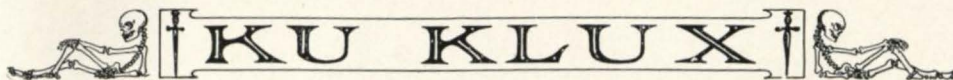


PHI MU





E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.
1893



Alpha Kappa Psi

Founded March 1, 1900, at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

Colors: Wedgewood Blue and Gold.

Flower: Forget-me-not.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Alpha</i>	St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.
<i>Beta</i>	Stuart Hall, Staunton, Va.
<i>Gamma</i>	Bishop Knight School, Havana, Cuba.
<i>Delta</i>	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
<i>Epsilon</i>	Beaner Brook College, Pa.
<i>Zeta</i>	Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.
<i>Eta</i>	Florida Female College, Tallahassee, Fla.
<i>Tau</i>	Fairmont, Monteagle, Tenn.
<i>Sigma Nu</i>	Stetson University, Deland, Fla.



Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Psi

CHAPTER ROLL

1913

GERTRUDE COTTER
ANNIE LOU HARDY
EMMA MAY RAMBO
MARY TRAMMELL STARR
HATTIE GERE STUBBS

1914

ANNIE MARCHMAN
FLOYE POWELL
FLORENCE RAMBO
MARY ROBERSON
RUTH ROLSTON

1916

MERLYN HILEY
HELEN MCCRARY
HARRIETTE ROBERSON

1917

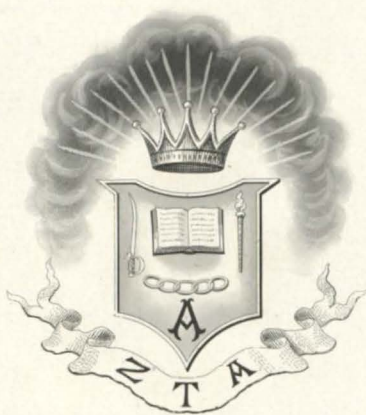
JEANNETTE BUNKLEY
CARRIE OLIVER
CATHERINE OLIVER
MILDRED SLOAN
MATTIE SUE TAYLOR

SPECIALS

ESSIE COTTER
CHARLIE HALL JUHAN
CHRISTINE POOLE
MARTHA RILEY



ALPHA KAPPA PSI



E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.



Zeta Tau Alpha

Founded as Zeta Tau Alpha, at Virginia Normal, Farmville, Va., October 25, 1898. Chartered by Legislature of Virginia, March 18, 1902.

Colors: Turquoise and Gray.

Flower: Double White Violet.

Open Motto: Seek the noblest.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

<i>Beta</i> —1905.....	Judson College, Marion, Ala.
<i>Delta</i> —1902.....	Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.
<i>Epsilon</i> —1903.....	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
<i>Zeta</i> —1904.....	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
<i>Theta</i> —1905.....	Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
<i>Kappa</i> —1906.....	University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
<i>Lambda</i> —1906.....	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
<i>Mu</i> —1909.....	Drury College, Springfield, Mo.
<i>Nu</i> —1910.....	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
<i>Xi</i> —1911.....	University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.
<i>Omicron</i> —1911.....	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
<i>Pi</i> —1911.....	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
<i>Rho</i> —1912.....	Boston University, Boston, Mass.
<i>Sigma</i> —1912.....	Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
<i>Tau</i> —1912.....	James Milliken University, Decatur, Ill.



Pi Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha

PATRONESSES ON FACULTY

MISS JULIA LOUISE LIN

MISS LOTTA CARLTON GREENUP

CHAPTER ROLL

1913

LEO BAKER
WRAY CHESTER
SUSIE MERRITT
KATHLEEN McRAE

1914

RUTH CREDILLE
LUCILE FLOURNOY
MARIE MERRITT
GENEVIEVE WHITE
HELEN WHITE

1915

MARY BROWN
NORMA DYAL
RUTH GRESHAM
CATHERINE HOLMES
ISABEL McRAE
MARY QUILLIAN

1916

GLADYS ANTHONY
RACHAL COWART
ELOISE GREER
MILDRED GREENE
NANNIE POTTS
ANNIE PET POWELL

1917

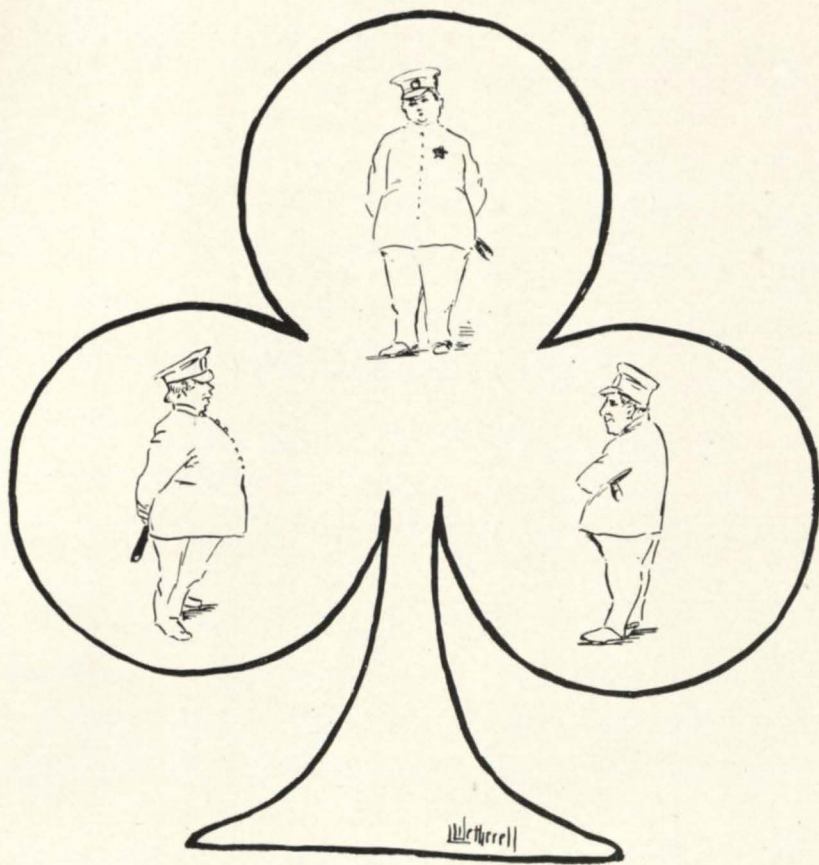
VIRGINIA CONNOLY

SPECIALS

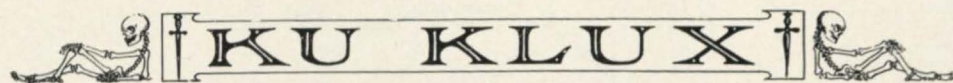
MARY COATES
ANNIE BESS OUTLER
MARY TILLEY



ZETA TAU ALPHA



♣ CLUBS ♣



Alpha Zeta Phi

SENIOR SOCIAL CLUB

INTER-FRAT

Established 1913.

Handed down to the Juniors each year.

MEMBERS

CORNELIA ANNE ADAMS, Φ M

ELIZABETH ELLISON BAKER, Λ Δ Φ

LEONILLA EDWARDS BAKER, Z T A

LUCYE LOIS BENTON, Φ M

RUBY WRAY CHESTER, Z T A

GERTRUDE COTTER, A K Ψ

EVELYN CRANFORD, Φ M

ANNIE LOU HARDY, A K Ψ

ELLA BESS McMICHAEL, Λ Δ Φ

MINNIE SHEPPARD McMICHAEL, Λ Δ Φ

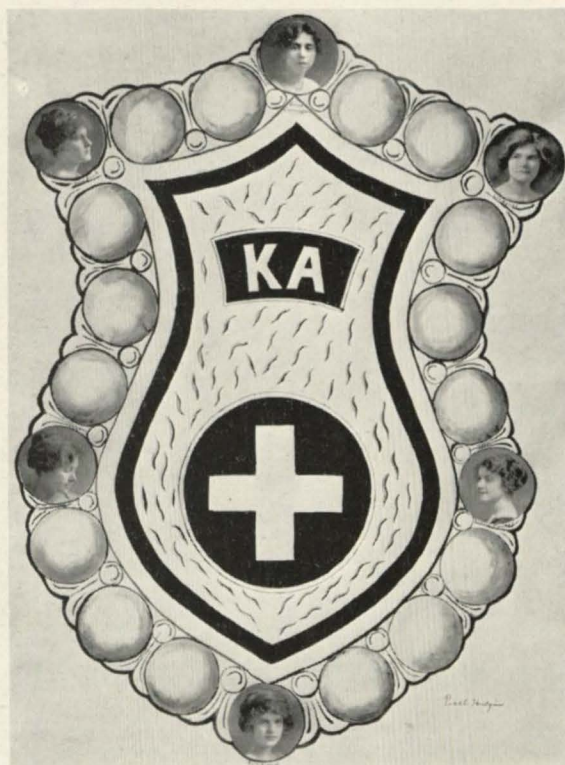
KATHLEEN ELIZABETH McRAE, Z T A

MARY TRAMMELL STARR, A K Ψ



ALPHA ZETA PHI SOCIAL CLUB

KU KLUX



K A Club

Founded at Wesleyan in 1912.

MEMBERS

ANNE CUNNINGHAM
ROSE BISHOP
LUCILE FLOURNOY

VERA BOND
EMILY MELTON
LEO BAKER

HONORARY MEMBER

PROF. LEON P. SMITH



Phi Delta Theta Club

FOUNDED AT WESLEYAN 1912.

MEMBERS

LUCYE BENTON

BLANCHE MALLARY

ANNIE LOU HARDY

HATTIE STUBBS

LALEAH WIGHT

CATHERINE POLHILL

GLADYS SHEPPARD

MILDRED MCKENZIE

LOUISE CALLAWAY

FANNIE HILL HERRING

MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON

MARY FORT

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

PROF. C. R. JENKINS

DEAN J. C. HINTON

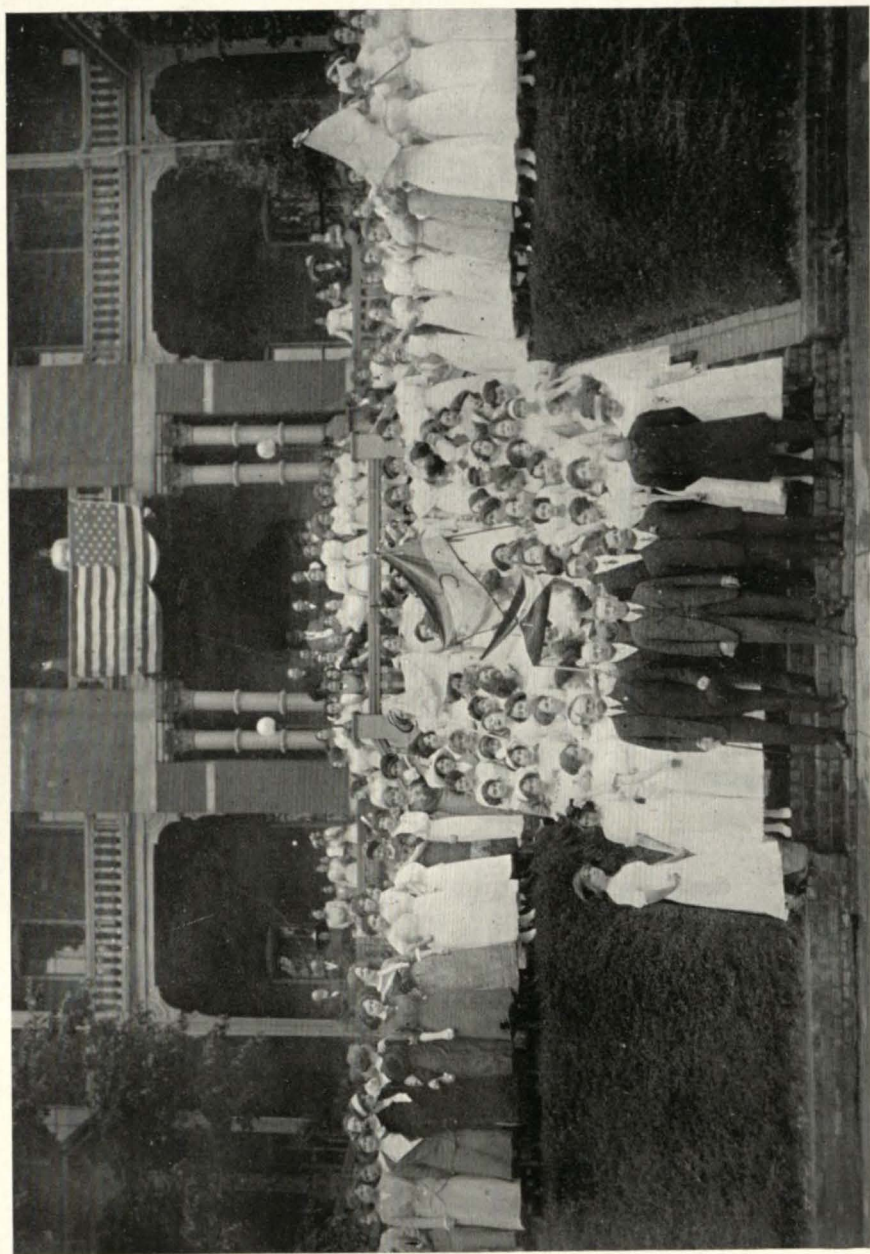


Alpha Delta Phi Mu Club

Motto: "Faithful sisters live for each other."
Place of Meeting: Apartment No. 1, Senior Hall.
Colors: Pink and Blue.
Time of Meeting: Sunday night.
Call Meetings: Ever and Anon.

MEMBERS

THEODORA ATKINSON	"Dodie"
LUCY BENTON	"Lussie"
REBECCA BRANHAM	"Beckie"
ANNE CUNNINGHAM	"Annie"
EVELYN CRANFORD	"Grannie"
VIRGINIA FRASER	"Billie"
EMILY MELTON	"Emmie"
GLADYS OUSLEY	"Gladdie"
GLADYS SHEPPARD	"Dissie"



WOODROW WILSON CLUB



The Alabama Club

Motto: "Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee."

OFFICERS

KATHLEEN McRAE.....	PRESIDENT
HELEN WHITE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH BEANE.....	SECRETARY
GENEVIEVE WHITE.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

RUTH BEANE	GENEVIEVE WHITE
EDNA BLAIR	HELEN WHITE
ANNE CUNNINGHAM	KATHERINE WHITFIELD
EMILY MELTON	FRANCES WILKES
KATHLEEN McRAE	MRS. C. R. JENKINS
ANNIE PET POWELL	MRS. POWELL
MISS GROTE	



Florida Club

Colors: Orange and Blue.

OFFICERS

LEO BAKER.....	PRESIDENT
NELLIE LEGG.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUISE WETHERELL.....	SECRETARY
RUTH WHITE.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

LEO BAKER	CHRISTINE BRYAN
EVELYN BETTS	MARGARET BOGGESS
LURLINE BRIDGES	HELEN BRYAN
MISS BARNETT	BERTHA EDGE
KATE EDGE	MARGARET EPPERSON
LUCILE JAMES	MARY KILGORE
NELLIE LEGG	SADIE LANGDALE
BEULAH MIZELLE	MISS TOMLINSON
LOUISE WETHERELL	RUTH WHITE



"Ole Miss" Club

LEONESE PARK

MEMBERS

ANNIE ELLA AMES

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: Magnolia.

Motto: Live and die in "Ole Miss."

Meeting Places: { In Winter.....Macon, Ga.
In Summer.....Macon, Miss.

Song:

M
y
ississippi
issus
isses
e.

A PLEDGE TO MISSISSIPPI

A pledge to Mississippi, Girls!
The Southland of our birth,
A pledge of loyalty and love—
The dearest spot on earth.

Sweet homes are there, loved friends are there,
Our hearts and hopes are too,
And there our sweethearts dream of us
Beneath the arching blue.

So brim your bowls and drain them down,
To beauty, love and worth,
A pledge to Mississippi, Girls!
The dearest spot on earth.

L. PARK, '13.

KU KLUX



Eleven O'Clock Carousers

Purpose: To eat and drink everything eatable and drinkable.

MEMBERS

WRAY CHESTER
 LUCILE FLOURNOY
 MARIE BARROW
 IRENE McDONALD

LEO BAKER
 KATHLEEN McRAE
 ELLA BESS McMICHAEL
 MINNIE McMICHAEL



The Three Witches

OCTOBER, 1912.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble;
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

MARIE BARROW

MEMBERS

ANNIE GANTT

KATHLEEN McRAE



Wesleyan Wiggle-Tails

Motto: "Get a wiggle on you when danger impends."

KATHLEEN MC RAE

MINNIE MC MICHAEL

EMILY MELTON

LEO BAKER

EVELYN CRANFORD

EMMA MAY RAMBO

HATTIE STUBBS

ANNIE LOU HARDY

GLADYS OUSLEY

ANNE CUNNINGHAM

KU KLUX



D. D. D.'s

Motto: "Dare."

Flower: Dandelion.

Place of Meeting: Dormitory.

Time of Meeting: Daybreak.

Whistle: Deedle-Dum-Dee.

Hobby: Donkey.

Mascot: Devil's Head.

EMORY D. D. D.'s

JOHN OUTLER
PIERCE STEWART
GRADY JOHNSTON
STUART BROWN

SAM BELK
FRANK PATILLO
JACK DUNCAN
WALTER FORT

IKU KLUX



D. D. D.'s

MEMBERS

ANNE CUNNINGHAM
 ANNIE LOU HARDY
 GERTRUDE COTTER
 MARY FORT

HELEN McCARY
 EMILY MELTON
 GLADYS OUSLEY
 MILDRED Mc KENZIE

ALUMNAE

PAULINE CORLEY
 ISABEL NUNALLY
 FLOY OLIVER
 LUCILE ARNOLD
 MARTHA WILKINSON

GERTRUDE BIRKNER
 CARRIE STUBBS
 MRS. CAROLINE ASHLEY, *nee* HARMON
 LOIS HARDY
 WILLIE MAE BLAIR
 MRS. EUNICE FOLEY, *nee* GORDY



Susie Dams

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHAWESLEYAN
 BETAEMORY
 GAMMAWHITWORTH, MISS.

Motto: { ?? ????
 !! !!!!

Colors: "Pale pink eyes and blue hair."

Flower: Jimson weed.

Place of Meeting: Last Night.

Time of Meeting: "The cold gray dawn of the morning after."

Favorite Song: "Oh, what a difference in the morning!"

Favorite Occupation: "Sportin' 'em."

Favorite Article of Dress: "Quips and cranks and wreathed smiles."

Favorite Beverage: "Mousseline tea."

Favorite Eatable: Red stick candy.

Favorite Book: "Giggles from Life" (never to be published).

MARY ROBESON
 FLOYE POWELL

ANNIE MARCHMAN
 RUTH CREDILLE

⌈ KU KLUX ⌋



“The Weepers”

Motto: “Weep, and the world weeps with you; laugh, and you laugh alone.”

REBECCA BRANHAM

ELOISE COOPER

JESSIE DICKEY

ANNE CUNNINGHAM

ANNIE DICKEY

EMILY MELTON

MARY STARR

KU KLUX



The Jehosophat Family

Father	KATHLEEN HOLDER
Mother	MARY ROBESON
Brother	ELOISE COOPER
Twins	{ ANNIE MARCHMAN FLOYE POWELL
Baby	HARRIET ROBESON

K U K L U X



"The Pharmers"

Time of Meeting: Saturday night.

Place of Meeting: Pharmacy.

Motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry."

NORMA DYAL

MARY TILLEY

EDNA BLAIR

MILDRED GREENE

LOUIE PEEPLES

MARY QUILLIAN

ESTHER FLANDERS

CATHERINE HOLMES

I K U K L U X I



The Four B(ee)'s

Time of Meeting: Time being.

Place of Meeting: In the flower garden.

Object: To get our honey.

Song: "My Honey Bee."

Password: "Aw, Honey!"

LUCY BENTON.....	"Singing Bee"
ROSE BISHOP.....	"Queen Bee"
VERA BOND.....	"Honey Bee"
SUSIE BROWN.....	"Busy Bee"

K U K L U X



Kimono Club

Flower: Kauliflower.

Colors: Korn kolor.

Place of Meeting: Elevator shaft.

Motto: Kut kapers konstantly.

MARY DUDLEY FORT

EVELYN WRIGHT

OLIVE DE FOOR

LOLLIE BELLE ERNEST

MILDRED FINNEY

RUTH BEANE

KATHERINE WHITFIELD

HELEN BRANHAM

WILLIE BELLE ROGERS

MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON

MABEL PRIDGEN

THE KU KLUX



Reynolds Club

Motto: "So love that when you finish school you shall be able to live in Reynolds."

Subject of Conversation: Reynolds.

Only Desire: To be in Reynolds.

MEMBERS

MARIE BARROW	Reynolds, Georgia
LEILA WHATLEY	Reynolds, Georgia
IRENE MC DONALD	Douglas, Georgia
EUNICE LOTT	Douglas, Georgia
HAZEL ROGERS	Macon, Georgia
MAURINE GOSTIN	Macon, Georgia
FLORENCE SMITH	Yipsilanti, Georgia



Billy Crows

Motto: Dream of Billy.

Favorite Song: "Billy."

Flower: Black tulip.

Meeting Place: Crow's nest."

Time of Meeting: When the crow caws.

Favorite Eatable: Liquorice.

MEMBERS

LOLLIE BELLE ERNEST

MINNIE BROWN HENDERSON

HELEN MC CRARY

MAY-LING SOONG

LALEAH WIGHT

MILDRED GREENE

MERLYN HILEY

IDA MUNRO

EDWINA TEASLEY



Bull Dog Social Club

Motto: "Pull together."

MEMBERS

LEO BAKER, '13

LUCILE FLOURNOY, '14

HELEN WHITE, '14

WRAY CHESTER, '13

KATHLEEN McRAE, '13

GENEVIEVE WHITE, '14

ALUMNAE

OLLIE BARMORE, '12

WALTER TILLEY, '12

KU KLUX



Jolly Good Fellows

Place of Meeting: Just any old place.

Motto: "Positively no smoking allowed."

MEMBERS

MAE TAYLOR

FLORENCE PRINGLE

LALEAH WIGHT

IDA MUNRO

NORMA DYAL

ESTHER FLANDERS

LEILA LEGG

IRENE WIMBERLY

KU KLUX



"Special" Executive Board Committee

Time of Meeting: When occasion demands.

Place of Meeting: Hall of Fame.

Warning: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Motto: "The way of the transgressor is hard."

MEMBERS

GLADYS ANTHONY
 LUCILE CAIN
 JULIA FRANKLIN
 MILDRED GREENE
 ELOISE JENKINS
 RUTH JOHNS
 VIRGINIA JOHNS

LEOLA MILLER
 BEULAH MIZELLE
 ALICE MURRAY
 HENRIETTA ROBERTSON
 RUTH RUCKER
 MARTHA WHITE
 EVELYN GRIFFITH

KU KLUX



A. B. C. X. Y. Z.

Which of us
Shall the boss be?

MEMBERS

"PETOLPHUS" WHITE

"BIRD" WHITE

"RESE" HODGES

"ED" HODGES

"BABY" COGGINS

"KATIE" COGGINS

"SIS" BRYAN

"CHRISTIE" BRYAN

KU KLUX



"Tough Mutts"

Motto: "A tooth for a tooth; an eye for an eye."

Place of Meeting: Secret.

MEMBERS

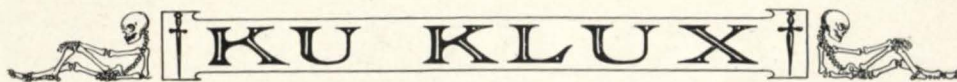
"PEEWEE" OUSLEY

"CY" HARDY

"MAC" MC MICHAEL

"LITTLE JOE" CUNNINGHAM

"IKY" CRANFORD



Pre-Historic Fossils

"Ben here every since me an' Wilk's Booth Lincoln ben born."

Those who have been fossilized at Wesleyan:

LEO BAKER

ANNE CUNNINGHAM

LUCYE BENTON

EVELYN CRANFORD

GERTRUDE COTTER

KATHLEEN MC RAE

CHUNG-LING SOONG

K U K L U X



The Beauty Seekers

Motto: Pride knoweth no pain.

Colors: Peaches and cream.

Time of Meeting: Gas bell and rising bell.

Place of Meeting: Boudoir.

MEMBERS

ANNE TAYLOR

BIDDIE HORKAN

RUBY LEE MCKINNEY

MARION SCONYERS



"Laugh when you're tickled.
Laugh once in a while, anyway."

LUCY TO ANNE CUNNINGHAM: "Why was Goliath surprised when David hit him on the head with a stone?"

ANNE: "Because such a thing had never entered his head before."

EDWINA TEASLEY: "May Ling, is your face painted?"

MAY LING SOONG: "Yes, it is China painted."

LOIS HATCHER (in Theory Class): May we have a window raised?"

DR. BROWN: "Yes, I think a musician in everything he undertakes should have a *little air*."

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Act I. Maid one.

Act II. Maid won.

Act III. Made one.

KATHLEEN McRAE (to Wray at water cooler): "The water is nearly out, you'll have to tip the cooler."

WRAY CHESTER: "Well, I just guess I'll beat it upstairs where I can get water free of charge."



The Library was quarantined because smallpox was found in the dictionary.

There was an epidemic of measles at the jail, and the prisoners broke out.

MARY STARR (coming into the Senior sitting-room): "Can I study in here?"

WRAY CHESTER: "Try it and see."

"WESLEYAN NEWS-STAND"

Review of Reviews—Week before exams.

The Scrap Book—Senior Class.

Scientific American—Prof. Smith.

The Critic—The Faculty.

Everybody's Magazine—The Wesleyan.

The Popular Weekly—Cherry Street.

The Smart Set—The Juniors.

Literary Digest—Senior Set.

The Forum—The Chapel.

Public Service—The Elevator.

The Pictorial Review—The Annual.

Current Literature—Restriction Notices.

Ladies' Home Journal—A letter from "Mother."

The Saturday Evening Post—The Pharmacy.

The Youth's Companion—Mrs. Burks.

The American Naturalist—"Bug" Quillian.

The World's Work—What the Seniors feel that they have done.

"THE AUTOCRAT AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE"

O beefsteak there upon my plate,

For thee I sigh, on thee I saw.

Why is't thy fibers will not part

That I may fill my empty maw?

This world a paradise would be

If friends would hold as firm as thee.



A SENIOR

Deep wisdom, swelled head:
Brain-fever—she's dead.

A JUNIOR

Went walking, 'tis said:
Road hit her—she's dead.

A SOPHOMORE

T. L. leaves her, hope's fled:
Heart-broken—she's dead.

A FRESHMAN

Meek famine, not fed:
Starvation—she's dead.

THE T. L.'s CRY

"Ah! Love, Love, Love:
Love is like a dizziness.
It wana let a bodie
Gawne about his bizziness."

"If a burglar broke into the cellar would the coal chute?"
"No, but the kindling wood, if the chimney flue."

A FEW "Hows"

How to know the wild flowers: Look them up in a book.
How to keep canaries: Don't leave the cage door open.
How to dress: Put your clothes on.
How to make pants last: Make the coat first.
How to make a Maltese Cross: Step on its tail.
How to live a hundred years: Don't die beforehand.



SHORT CHARACTER SKETCHES OF THE MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS

JOHNNIE ATKINSON—Just Awful.
CORNELIA ADAMS—Cute Angel.
CHRISTINE BRYAN—Calm Boss.
ELIZABETH BAKER—Everlasting Bluff.
LEO BAKER—Little Boisterous.
MARIE BARROW—Mighty Bashful.
LUCYE BENTON—Lazy Bones.
REBECCA BRANHAM—Really Beautiful.
EVELYN CRANFORD—Eternally Cussing.
KATHARINE CARNES—Killingly Conscientious.
GERTRUDE COTTER—Great Cutter.
ANNE CUNNINGHAM—A Crook.
WRAY CHESTER—Witty Cuss.
ANNIE DICKEY—Almost Dignified.
VIRGINIA FRASER—Very Foolish.
ANNIE GANTT—Awful Gossip.
WILLANNE GURR—Wayward Girl.
ETHEL GARDNER—Eternally Grumbling.
ANNIE LOU HARDY—Amusing Little Humbug.
THERESA HODGES—Truly Heartless.
IRENE McDONALD—Impudent Miss.
EMILY L. MELTON—Eternally Loving Men.
ELLA BESS McMICHAEL—Eternally Bumming Macon.
MINNIE McMICHAEL—Mischief Maker.
KATHLEEN McRAE—Keen Minded.
SUSIE MERRITT—Silent Maiden.
RUBY LEE McKINNEY—Really Looks Mournful.
GLADYS OUSLEY—Grievously Obtuse.
LEONESE PARKS—Looks Peeved.
EMMA MAY RAMBO—Early Morning Rambler.
RUTH SHELTON—Reads Shakespeare.
HATTIE STUBBS—High Stepper.
MARY STARR—Mighty Sassy.
CHUNGLING-SOONG—Clever Senior.

WHAT IF—

THERESA HODGES should cut a class.
"BECKY" BRANHAM should join a show.
"TRUD" COTTER forgot to dress up.
"LITTLE SISTER" HARDY forgot to look cute.
KATHLEEN HOLDER quit talking.
HARRIET ROBESON quit grinning.
"TIBBA" BAKER got to class on time.
MINNIE MCMICHAEL never told a joke.
EMMA MAE RAMBO got dignified.

TRUDDIE COTTER: "Come on, Little Sister, let's go home."
LITTLE SISTER: "I can't, I have to go to a staff meeting."
TRUDDIE: "Oh, they don't need you."
LITTLE SISTER: "Yes they do, for I'm the crook in the staff."

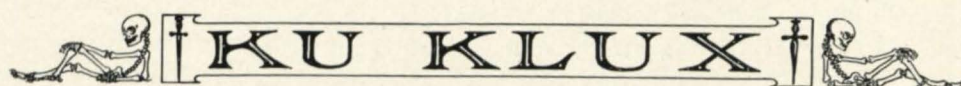
THE ROSARY

As interpreted by those who have quit our ranks to marry "out of their troubles."

"The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me.
I count them o'er, each one apart,
Thy hosiery! thy hosiery!
Each sock a mate, two makes a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storms and cold.
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.
Oh, carelessness! this thy reproof;
See, how it looms across my sole!
I grind my teeth, and then, in very truth,
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!"

AS THE WESLEYAN BACHELOR SOLILOQUIZES:

To wed or not to wed:
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single
And disappoint a lot of women
For a time—
Or to marry
And disappoint one woman
For life.



THE CALENDAR

- SEPT. 17—The “greenies” begin to arrive.
- SEPT. 18—President Jenkins assures each new girl that “he loves them every one.” Evelyn Betts makes her first hit on the Faculty with her opening speech.
- SEPT. 19—Annie Lou Hardy writes “S-e-n-o-i-r” on everything she possesses.
- SEPT. 20—Mercer reception to the Seniors.
- SEPT. 21—Y. W. C. A. reception—Bigam Smith much in demand. Mr. Daniels jealous.
- SEPT. 23—Emily Melton arrives with frat pins, photos, and other removable property belonging to Emory College.
- SEPT. 24—Dean Hinton urges the young ladies to expedite matters as soon as possible.
- SEPT. 25—Many T. L. cases resumed. Emma Mae Rambo proves as efficient as ever.
- SEPT. 26—Mary and Wray begin to “business manage” *The Wesleyan*.
- SEPT. 27—Elevator stopped for several days so Estes could attend the ball game.
- SEPT. 28—Hattie Stubbs gets desperate and drinks a dope.
- SEPT. 29—Cornelia Adams comes to school adorned with Venetian jewelry.
- SEPT. 30—Mr. Daniels leads chapel and endeavors to prove to us that if we stand in the aisle at Mulberry we’ll block it.
- OCT. 1—Mabel Pridgen loses her curlers. Why did she cut classes next day?
- OCT. 4—Anne Cunningham takes up Freshman Bible because the book only costs fifty cents.
- OCT. 5—Sophs burn effigy of Freshmen. Big night! Freshmen and Juniors conspicuous by their absence.
- OCT. 8—It is announced that all breakfast cutters are restricted. There proves to be several “cutters” at Wesleyan. Next morning: Many boudoir caps appear at breakfast.
- OCT. 15—Big Fair begins. Everybody’s family, friends, relations, and acquaintances arrive.



- Oct. 19—Holiday for Fair; a day of ice-cream cones, balloons, and confetti.
- Oct. 21—Mr. Hinton enjoys a "trip to Mars."
- Oct. 23—Annie Pet Powell refuses to give Mr. Daniel a date (in history).
- Oct. 25—Mrs. Burks lets an English Class out on time.
- Oct. 26—KU KLUX initiates E. B. and Tibba; had a sweet time. They said it was "something sticky."
- Oct. 28—Emma May Rambo undertakes to convince Mr. Rosser in Psychology class that there really is a Jack of Spades.
- Oct. 30—Annual Staff attends Miss Hall's wedding. Marie Barrow greatly admires the "crockery."
- Oct. 31—Horrors! We fear Mrs. Burks has taken to rag-time. She composes a song for the Wilson Rally to her favorite tune, "I want to be."
- Nov. 1—There is now going on at Wesleyan a pocket edition of the Woodrow Wilson election.
- Nov. 2—We all repair to the City Hall where, by much yelling, singing, and applauding we do our part toward getting Mr. Wilson elected.
- Nov. 4—Mr. Hinton mistaken for a Mercer boy by the night watchman.
- Nov. 5—*Wesleyan* Staff frantic.
- Nov. 9—Mercer comes to chapel.
- Nov. 11—The Seniors undertake to teach the Subs to play basket-ball. As a result Minnie McMichael has a black eye, Leo Baker is minus a tooth, and great quantities of court-plaster and bandages are in evidence.
- Nov. 12—The day for the student body to cut classes! ???* !!! O!?? Torch-light parade on the campus. Where did the torches come from?
- Nov. 13—Annual Staff meeting. Wray Chester wants to know if preachers' daughters can not get Annuals at reduced prices!
- Nov. 14—Heated discussion between E. M. Rambo and Emily Melton as to which one has the most T. L.'s
- Nov. 15—Christine Bryan cuts a student body meeting.



KU KLUX

- Nov. 17—The Freshmen tear up the Junior Class President's room by mistake.
- Nov. 18—Entire Senior Hall has a house cleaning.
- Nov. 22—Meeting of the Annual Staff. Why will girls all talk at once?
- Nov. 27—Thanksgiving. The snow causes a pitched battle between Mercer and Wesleyan.
- Nov. 29—Call meeting of the Annual Staff. Minnie and "Little Sister" implore them to do or say something *cute*.
- Nov. 30—Mr. Daniel assures us in chapel that the heart speaks most when the lips are silent.
- DEC. 1—Recitations appear to be sewing classes.
- DEC. 3—Warlick and Hatcher taken by storm.
- DEC. 5—Minnie and Tibba call attention of pedagogy class to their clean hair by wearing anonymous pink and blue bows.
- DEC. 7—Y. W. Fair takes the Faculty off their dignity.
- DEC. 8—Patsy Huff goes two traveling rings in the gym.
- DEC. 10—Leo Baker tells jokes all day in order that she may write them up in the next issue of *The Wesleyan*.
- DEC. 11—Harriet Robeson discovers Cherry Street after so long a time.
- DEC. 12—A stray thought pierces E. B. McMichael's cranium; no serious damage.
- DEC. 14—Subs play Santa Claus.
- DEC. 16—Annual Staff frantic.
- DEC. 17—Call meeting of Annual Staff still more frantic. Staff mistaken for Pharaoh's army at Warlick's studio.
- DEC. 18—All Wesleyan goes to town.
- DEC. 19—Every Wesleyan girl dead broke.
- DEC. 20—Wesleyan closes with a bang!

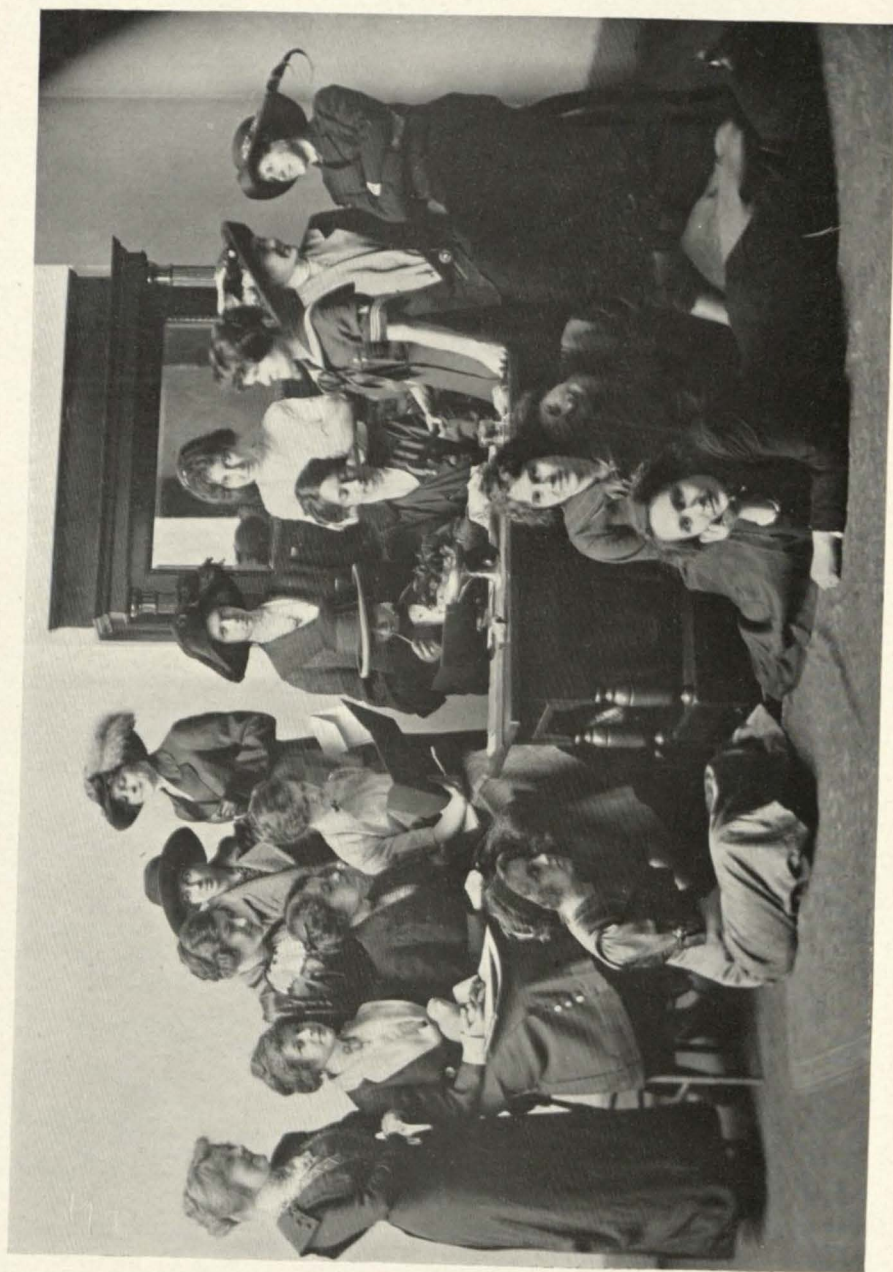
ANNIE LOU HARDY,
MINNIE SHEPPARD McMICHAEL.



Acknowledgment

As the work for the KU KLUX is now nearing completion, the Staff wish to take this space as a note of thanks to those who have been so liberal with contributions.

For art work, to Pearl Hudgins and Louise Wetherell; for advertisement, to Annie Gantt and Emily Melton; and to the publishers, for suggestions and faithful service which have helped to make this book a success.



* 1912 N 12 *



Nothing
to do till
To-morrow —

R. Branham.
73.



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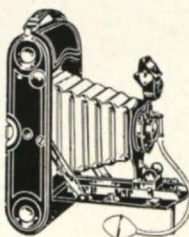
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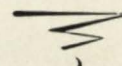
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